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Tuesday afternoon



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THE POWER OF CARING

Colin Powell's Promise: A Better Life For Kids

The day Gen. Colin Powell left his post as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in 1993, capping a 35-year military career highlighted by his leadership in the Gulf War, he discussed his future with President Clinton.

Golf and the grandkids? Not exactly. The general said he wanted to help young people. Powell soon joined the Board of Governors of the Boys & Girls Clubs of America and started working on behalf of the United Negro College Fund and other youth-oriented causes.

Last year he found a way to consolidate his efforts, as chairman of America's Promise—The Alliance for Youth. Introduced in April 1997 at the Presidents' Summit for America's Future, America's Promise is a national campaign that gives disadvantaged kids a better chance in life.

"Childhood should be a nurturing time of pleasant memories given by two people united in love," says Powell, 61. "Since my retirement I had traveled around the country and kept running into situations of people desperately in need, young people who did not seem to be on the road to success and didn't think this country had a place for them."

The Virginia-based America's Promise creates alliances between corporations, foundations, volunteer and religious organizations, government agencies, state and local communities and individuals. The goal, by the end of 2000, is to equip two million kids with five fundamental resources: a relationship with a caring adult, a safe place with structured activities during non-school hours, a healthy start in life, the opportunity to learn a marketable skill, and the chance to



"We're just trying to get everybody with time, talent and resources to share them with young people in need."

give back through community service.

"Yes, it's a big job, but it's also a little job because the success will come from touching one kid at a time," Powell says. "We're just trying to get everybody with time, talent and resources to share them with young people in need."

The Boys & Girls Clubs pledged to reach an additional 500,000 kids in the next five years. LensCrafters donated glasses and one million eye exams, the state of Connecticut passed legislation offering vacation time to state employees who

become mentors, the NBA promised to involve 100,000 students with its community service programs, and on and on.

Traveling the country to create Schools, Communities and States of Promise, Powell is the man who makes it happen. "He is every bit the hero as America's No. 1 advocate for children as he was with our armed forces," says Boys & Girls Clubs president Roxanne Spillet. "I think he'll go farther, aim higher and dig deeper than anyone has before."

Adds Connecticut Gov. John Rowland, "He could be spending his time making tons of money, but he has dedicated his star power, his resources and his energies to helping kids."

Powell, a four-star general, best-selling author and oft-romored presidential candidate, says he's especially pleased to be known these days simply as "the guy who's running America's Promise."—E.J. McGregor

For more information or contributions, write America's Promise, 909 N. Washington St., Suite 400, Alexandria, VA 22314, call (888) 555-YOUTH or visit www.americaspromise.org.

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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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COVER: Photograph by Blake Sell—Reuters

T O U R R E A D E R S

Some Special Timing

THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT ABOUT THE ISSUE you're holding in your hands. After President Clinton's historic testimony and defiant confession speech on Monday, we decided to speed up our schedule so that the magazine would be out this Thursday rather than next Monday.

The main reason was simple: we wanted you to get our reporting on how and why Clinton made his amazing pirouette while it was still fresh and timely, instead of waiting until next week. In putting out a weekly magazine, our goal is both to be newsy and to put events into thoughtful perspective. Sometimes we feel that these interests can best be served by adjusting our schedule, and Monday's important events clearly made this one of those times.

Such a change is unusual for us, but not unprecedented. In the past we have made similar arrangements because of presidential debates and superpower summits, and for national elections we have closed an issue on Wednesday nights rather than wait for the weekend. Clinton's testimony and speech, coming after seven months of national squirming about an anguishing investigation, provided another defining moment that warranted being flexible about our schedule.

Our aim was to be part of some rush to judgment. People are going to have to make their own judgments about what



The last time we changed schedules

this means for Clinton and our country by sorting through what they know, think and feel. We'll be covering the ongoing fallout over the next few weeks and months. Instead of prejudging or predicting what that verdict will be, we wanted to put forth all the facts as we now know them, provide inside reporting about how the Clintons and others came to make their momentous decisions, and offer some well-reasoned analysis by our own reporters and respected thinkers that would shed light on the issues involved. That way, we felt, we might offer a smart harbor amid the gales of punditry now in full force.

Our Washington bureau, led by Michael Duffy, spent Tuesday and Wednesday getting briefed on what Clinton said, why he said it and the internal debates leading up to his testimony. As reporting came in from both Washington and around the country, we became even more excited about getting this issue to you this week rather than next. The whole process was, indeed, energizing, and we hope you'll find that passion reflected in these pages.

Walter Isaacson, Managing Editor



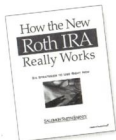
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Steve Lopez/Los Angeles

The Few, the Proud, the Bus Riders

"No seat, no fare!" they chant, in a rebellion against second-class treatment

RIDE THE BUS IN LOS ANGELES.

The way I saw it, L.A. didn't need one more guy sitting in an idling car. But this confession, I've found, can stop conversations cold. It's not quite the impact you'd get from saying, "By the way, I murdered six people this morning, and, boy, am I hungry." But people generally respond as if you've said you ride a dinosaur to the office.

One reason is that trains and buses are shunned by 97% of all L.A. County commuters, and otherwise likable people will actually tell you that what you drive is who you are. Another is that while the Santa Monica buses I ride into Los Angeles are no bargain, Los Angeles might just have the most inept public-transit system on the planet earth.

Nearly 20 years ago, noticing that all vehicles had come to a complete stop and that the sky was gone, it dawned on city fathers that other cities have mass-transit systems—much like the one that was ripped up here 50 years ago in what some call a conspiracy among auto, oil and tire moguls. So 12 years ago, with an increase in sales taxes and trainloads of federal cash, they began to build a rail system for the ages.

The result? The neglected bus system, which still handles 91% of all transit riders, is now roughly as efficient as travel by burro. Decrepit buses break down, air conditioners don't work and drivers blow past waiting passengers when they can't squeeze another one aboard. Fed-up bus patrons, mostly students and low-income laborers and house cleaners, have begun chanting "No seat, no fare!" as they rally their brethren to rebellion on rolling sardine cans.

The rail system, on the other hand, is one of the wonders of the world. After years of cost overruns and delays, \$7 billion worth of debt, a Hollywood Boulevard cave-in, constant second-guessing of the entire project and incessant bickering along racial and political lines, the Metropolitan Transit Authority has a partly completed commuter railroad that moves fewer people than Disneyland's Monorail and cost \$262 million per mile.

They'd have been better off with a good fleet of rickshaws. It would take years to finish what was promised, but most construction is now on hold while MTA wizards put

their heads together, in the nearly half-billion-dollar, 25-story temple they built themselves in 1995 despite abundant vacancies in downtown offices, and consider the obvious. The answer, all along, was buses. A scaled-down rail system and lots more buses.

"The project was flawed from the beginning," admits mayor and MTA board chief Richard Riordan. That's because people and jobs are spread too far and wide to be served by a fixed-rail system. "When I come out of my house in Brentwood, I can go in 40 different directions," he says.

But most of the federal money was tagged for rail, and

when you dangle a piñata that fat before a public agency, no one misses the fiesta. Politicians, contractors, bankers, underwriters, lobbyists and other wildlife wore party hats for years.

This is the history that has turned Mari Aguirre, 38, a mild-mannered house cleaner and babysitter, into a revolutionary. Aguirre and other members of the Bus Riders Union are boarding buses and urging passengers not to pay the \$1.35 fare. Aguirre and her son sometimes wait an hour for a bus

after his nighttime karate class, and she fears for their lives on the mean streets.

"No, no, no, you don't have to pay," Aguirre told passengers exhaling their way onto a jammed bus on Sixth Street. At each stop, she shoos passengers past the fare box. Smiling riders found that most bus drivers either supported the campaign or had nothing to say about it. "We want 1,600 new buses," Aguirre went on in English and Spanish. On a good day, the MTA has 1,800 buses on the street, 800 fewer than in the mid-'80s. Hundreds are on order, but given the epic bungling, Riordan said it will take years to provide the kind of service capable of relieving traffic. And even then, they might need the Jaws of Life to get Angelenos out of their cars.

So let them sit in them. Whether it's L.A. or Santa Monica, we bus riders are never happier than when we're enjoying, say, a weekly magazine while six blocks of cars are hopelessly trapped behind our lumbering bow.

No seat, no fare.

The few, the proud.

I ride the bus in Los Angeles.



Aguirre is leading a campaign for 1,600 new buses in the city of cars

“The project was flawed from the beginning.”

—RICHARD RIORDAN, MAYOR

L E T T E R S



Tick, Tock, Tick ... Talk

“No one should ever get immunity (especially in a case such as this) when testifying against the President of the United States.”

Anna Marie Angeloni
Calabasas, Calif.

CLINTON HAS DONE REMARKABLE THINGS in his public life and some questionable things behind closed doors [SPECIAL REPORT, Aug. 10]. Perhaps the reason that the American people appreciate him and his polls rise with every scandal is that we see a bit of ourselves in him. It's heartening to know you can be imperfect and still make it to the top.

Tony Reichenberger
Madison, Wis.

EVERY MALE OVER THE AGE OF 13 HAS LIED about his sex life, and I couldn't care less about Clinton's liaisons. It's not a matter of national importance, and it's none of our business. Investigators such as Ken Starr make McCarthyism look like child's play. It's frightening to see how our government is in peril because of a twentysomething twit. We are heading down a dangerous road with these investigations, and I hope our representatives realize that *everyone* can be subjected to this invasive process.

Anne M. Core
Sonoma, Calif.

HOW CAN WE, THE INTELLIGENT AMERICAN people, allow a fame-and-fortune-seeking intern and the vulture-crazed press to degrade and disgrace our wonderful country with bedroom graffiti?

Eileen S. Coleman
Pembroke Pines, Fla.

CLINTON SHOULD BE PAID MILLIONS BY the press. His entertainment value far surpasses that of the English royals.

Knut Suhr
Hamburg, Germany

AS A PARENT, I WOULD HATE TO HAVE GOVERNMENT lawyers define a sexual relationship for my children!

Deborah H. Larsen
Murray, Utah

I HAVE NEVER BEEN MORE DISGUSTED with the American legal system. No one should ever get immunity (especially in a

case such as this) when testifying against the President of the United States. This is not some regular Joe Doe with a job. This is the man who occupies the most influential government seat in the world.

Anna Marie Angeloni
Calabasas, Calif.

OF COURSE, THE MAN AT THE TOP SHOULD be a model citizen. But one must not go too far in judging a public man by his private life. Besides the risk of making ourselves ridiculous in giving too much importance to a commonplace matter, there is the terrible danger of sinking into extreme puritanism—that is fundamentalism.

Jean-Pierre Causse
Sète, France

BILL CLINTON IS EXACTLY WHAT HE WAS when we all first came to know of him. Does anyone recall Jennifer Flowers? What did we expect? The man is highly flawed and clearly captivated by power—but somewhere inside him, he is also a sincere and good leader. Yes, it's a very difficult paradox.

Bruce Landry
Milford, N.H.

I'M SURE SOMEONE IS WORKING ON the movie script of what Clinton would like to call "the show about nothing." Now that the *Seinfeld* crew has finished with the series, I hope that Jason Alexander, the funny guy who played George Costanza, will volunteer to play Clinton. There are a lot of similarities in the two characters.

A.B. Luistisides
Indian Rocks Beach, Fla.

WHY ALL THE PRAISE FOR KEN STARR and his wooing and winning of Monica Lewinsky? Is it not possible that this whole thing was a setup from Day One by a very clever female? Lewinsky's moves are impeccable. I wonder if she's available to coach the Chicago Bears.

Carol O'Hern
Palatine, Ill.

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ENOUGH ABOUT BILL AND MONICA. A matchmaker's dream is Ken (Starr) and Linda (Tripp). They deserve each other.

*Jim Bolin
Shreveport, La.*

IS THIS INVESTIGATION WORTH THE DAMAGE it has done to our society? It has made us the laughingstock of the world.

*Maneck S. Wadia
Del Mar, Calif.*

IF THE PEOPLE OF THE U.S. DECIDE TO dispose of Clinton, maybe we can trade. We offer 20 Italian politicians, all guaranteed sexually harmless, for one U.S. President. Just come and pick the ones you prefer; we have a rich choice.

*Fabio Fumi
Trieste, Italy*

How Many Cards in That Hand?

I NOTED WITH INTEREST THE NUMBER OF cards Starr is holding—nine [NOTEBOOK, Aug. 10]. Unless he is playing some crazy wild-card game, unlikely in high-stakes

The Starring Players



Margaret Carlson touched a nerve with her column on the female cast of the Kenneth Starr investigation, "With Women Like These ..." [WOMEN, Aug. 10]. Particularly

annoyed by the women in "Sexgate" was Mary Ann Rogers of Wilmington, N.C. "Americans need to stop living through a small group of pathetic females," she declared. "I haven't had to endure this kind of drivel since I was in high school 46 years ago." Lila Anastas of Roseville, Calif., was equally perturbed by the mess. "The female players in Clinton's current drama are far from being role models for today's feminist," she wrote. Lawyer Michael J. Gaynor of New York City was one of the few who disagreed. "You overlooked Judge Norma Holloway Johnson of the U.S. District Court in Washington, a worthy successor to Watergate chief judge John Sirica," he noted. "She might have won effusive praise from many if she had protected Clinton, but instead Johnson applied the law, ruling against Executive privilege and later ordering his prompt grand jury testimony. Johnson is surely the right woman in the right place at the right time."



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poker, he has way too many cards. In real life, he would lose the hand and perhaps even be banished from the game! Is this an omen?

Robert P. Clifford
Palos Verdes, Calif.

Le Tour des Drugs

YOUR DESCRIPTION OF THE 1998 TOUR DE FRANCE as the "Tour des Drugs" [MEDICINE, Aug. 10] as well as your characterization of the striking riders as "unsportsmanlike" is insulting and unfair. Given that the majority of the riders, who were not involved in steroid use, were striking against the manhandling of themselves and their possessions by police goons who interrogated first and thought later, their actions were quite reasonable. And your reportage somewhat neglected to mention that these "unsportsmanlike" riders nonetheless finished the course for the benefit of the many spectators who had turned out to see them. You owe the entire Tour de France an apology.

Mike W. Barr
Canoga Park, Calif.

WHILE I DO NOT CONDONE THE USE OF illegal, performance-enhancing drugs by athletes, I feel you dropped the ball in your coverage of the drug controversy at this year's Tour de France. This race is the most demanding sanctioned athletic competition in the world, and that has led to a notorious history of drug abuse and even death.

The cyclists, however, staged their sit-down strike the day after police raided a hotel and hauled away some team members for drug tests in the middle of the night. Can you imagine the reaction if cops raided the Super Bowl locker room at half time and hauled off a linebacker for drug tests? That is roughly the equivalent of what the gendarmes did.

Mike VanDerwee
Cheverly, Md.

The Clarence Thomas Speech

I AM ENRAGED AFTER READING "SAYS He's Nobody's Slave," about Clarence Thomas [VIEWPOINT, Aug. 10]. Thomas has a severe case of amnesia. He obviously does not remember or respect the ancestors who sacrificed their lives to make it possible for him to hold his position. The endurance, motivation and dedication of our ancestors to fight for equality aided Thomas in pulling himself out of poverty. Now he gives those ancestors a blatant slap in the face.

Maniko Barthelemy
Landover, Md.

THE SPEECH OF JUSTICE THOMAS TO THE National Bar Association was disingenuous. He has got to know what the actual effect of his rigid egalitarianism means. It has caused a drastic drop-off in enrollment of blacks in colleges and graduate schools. Thomas saw early on that as a liberal he would be just another face in the crowd, but as a conservative he would have special value. The personal motives of their allies do not matter to the enemies of black America so long as their policies are served.

Jack Tuff
New York City

On the Good Ship Mickey Mouse

HOW CAN YOU EVEN ATTEMPT TO COMPARE the elegance of the *Normandie* with the makeup of the Disney ship *Magic* [AMERICAN SCENE, Aug. 10]? The *Normandie* was a true accomplishment of her time—in engineering, design and service, while the *Magic* is no more than a common cruise ship clad in Mickey ears. Your comparison of original style and reproduced folly is truly unbearable. You can be assured that *Normandie* designer Vladimir Yourkevitch is turning in his grave.

Matthew R. Fox
Mount Holly, N.J.

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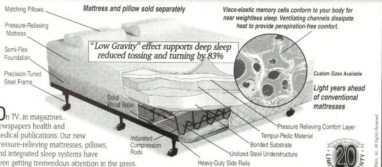
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I WAS IN VENICE THIS SUMMER AS THE Disney *Magic* pulled into port. When the ship repeatedly blasted its *When You Wish upon a Star* horn (at least 20 times that evening and the next day), I was positively embarrassed to be an American. Who but Disney could bastardize one of the most beautiful cities in the world? The powers that be at Disney might give careful thought to limiting the use of the novelty horn so others do not have to apologize for our obnoxious American culture as I did.

Michael J. Mealy
Willington, Conn.

The Rap on Gangsta Rap

NOT ALL RAP MUSIC IS ABOUT VIOLENCE [MUSIC, Aug. 10]. There are songs from artists like L.L. Cool J or Method Man that talk about loving a girlfriend. You should stop criticizing rap and look at the positives of it. There are other genres of music that are gangsta. On MTV I saw an alternative group sing, "Give me my money back, you bitch." You tell me, What kind of lyric is that?

Joanne Juele
New York City

AS A TEACHER IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOL system and a former teacher of teenage delinquents in wilderness programs and emergency shelters, I speak from years of observing teens who have been influenced by gangsta rap. These children can recite verbatim the lines from the songs, and they can talk big and bad and disrespectfully about cops, yet they can barely read or write. It is unconscionable that the music industry is making millions of dollars helping lead these kids down a dead-end road to jail or death. I've seen both consequences.

Rosalind Golden
Columbia, Tenn.

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N O T E B O O K

VERBATIM

“Even Presidents have private lives.”

BILL CLINTON,
on his relationship with
Monica Lewinsky

“What a jerk.”

ORRIN HATCH,
Utah Republican Senator on
Clinton's attack on Ken Starr

“While humiliated and in pain, she's not shocked.”

JESSE JACKSON,
after a prayer session with
Hillary Clinton the night
before the President
testified

“He had seven months to deal with this. This girl had two weeks.”

DEBRA ROBERTS,
Miss Teen USA fan,
upset that Clinton's
speech pre-empted
CBS's pageant coverage

“It's a real-life experience for girls who will be working. It's just a learning environment.”

MARIANNE ILAW,
Girl Scouts spokeswoman on
the Fashion Adventure badge,
for which girls browse and
model at Limited Too stores

Sources: Clinton (White House) Hatch (Boston Globe), Jackson (Washington Post), Roberts (AP), Ilaw (Wall Street Journal)



STANDING BY HER MAN One of few in the White House to emerge unstained by the scandal, Hillary Clinton is playing Tammy Wynette to Bill's Big Bopper. Admirable loyalty, that. Forecast for the President's summer vacation: chilly

WINNERS & LOSERS

NO ONE

Sadly, there are no winners when the nation endures a crisis like this one. We Americans all suffer when the office of the President undergoes a failure of trust.

O.K., ALL RIGHT. THE PRESS Man, we are just having a field day with this thing. And as soon as it started getting boring, the President sings like a canary. *Vive le scandale!*

BILL CLINTON

The master of disaster finally lost his touch. Failing to be either sympathetic or apologetic, he didn't come close to matching the Hugh Grant speech. Nice tie.

THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

Time was, being the President meant dealing with unemployment and foreign enemies, not cheap sex. So how do we become President?



CALVIN TRILLIN

Going All Out for Scandal

YES, I THINK I'D LIKE TO HAVE ONE OR TWO FINAL shudders and then go about my business. For one thing, I am no longer confident that I have a store of euphemisms adequate to sustaining the discussion. My language consultants already advised me that I'd have to come up with something better for "semen" than "icky poo."

These days I've been thinking a lot of a guy in my high school I'll call Leonard, who was said to know 58 terms for the female breast. He used the terms constantly, and unexpectedly. A few of us would be talking about our Latin teacher's severity, and Leonard would suddenly pipe up with, "That Matilda's got a set of Howards on her, all right!"

I haven't seen Leonard since graduation. Judging from the comedies Hollywood has released lately, I'd guess that he's prospering as a screenwriter. I've resented being reminded that I knew somebody like Leonard in those days. I resented being reminded of a "relationship that was not appropriate"; the euphemism introduced by the President himself is just how that Latin teacher would have described what I spent a lot of time longing for in those days. Many people on television Monday night said this episode has diminished the presidency. For me, it has diminished high school.

Also, it has confirmed my suspicion that as much as I like a limited scandal now and then, I may not have the stomach for all-out scandal. The last scandal I enjoyed without qualification was the one triggered by the revelation that a writer named Clifford Irving was about to publish a book based on extensive in-

terviews with Howard Hughes—a moneybags so maniacally reclusive that he made Thomas Pynchon seem like William Ginsburg. Irving, of course, had dreamed it all up, presumably figuring that a man reclusive enough to make his words particularly valuable would be too reclusive to blow the whistle.

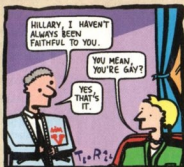
It was a nice, tidy little scandal. You'd pick up the morning paper buoyed by the knowledge that you were almost certain to find some embarrassing revelation—maybe some weasel words from the publishing house that had given assurances of the manuscript's authenticity—but that little harm could come of it all beyond a couple of years in the pokey for Irving. Even if there had been cable-news channels then, none of them would have had a format that could have been described as "all Clifford, all the time."

Although limited war is now commonly supported as a greatly preferable alternative to all-out war, limited scandal seems a thing of the past. At some point in the O.J. trial, with both sides promising to call witnesses to challenge the credibility of any witness called to challenge the credibility of a witness, it occurred to me that if this lasted long enough, we might all be called to testify.

Once you put an all-out scandal in motion, there's no stopping it, which is why I doubt that this is behind us. We've gone so far as to have ABC bump a football game so we could hear the President confess that he had I.R.'d an intern after all. As overnight polls indicated that most Americans were satisfied by the apology, TV pontificators informed us that it wasn't an apology that would satisfy most Americans. It was limited, they said. This is all out. ■



THE DRAWING BOARD



Rating the News Networks' Sorry Coverage

GAME DAY IN BATTLE OF THE NETWORKS: Out came the big guests, the big anchors and Orrin Hatch's family-values e. Since the President's address was only

four minutes long, the nets had a lot of time to fill, and it showed. Continuing our highly praised, service-oriented journalism, Notebook critiques the performances.



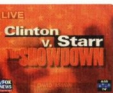
ABC
Rating:
Points for that graphic featuring Washington's grandeur, complete with phallic imagery. Misguided post-address panel included Ellen Levine, editor of *Good Housekeeping*, and novelist Jacquelyn Mitchard.



ABC
Rating:
Caught in a testosterone battle between football and sex, ABC punts Prez, returns to a pre-season game in Mexico 23 minutes after the address and a brief commentary from studly historian Michael Beschloss.



CBS
Rating:
Bold graphic but lacked clout in getting exclusive post-address guests, who popped up everywhere else; in fact, Orrin Hatch showed up dead last, after sharing his views on other networks—even Fox News.



Fox News
Rating:
WF-inspired "Showdown" graphic promised punchiness. But panel weakened with lopsided conservative guests. Points for pushing Senator Hatch into his most agitated state of the night.



CNN
Rating:
Curious coverage early in the day featured a graphic ticking off the minutes of the President's testimony. Swell guests: Dee Dee Myers and James Carville, who had been at the White House earlier that day.



Telemundo
Rating:
Maybe it helped that the telecast was in Spanish and we didn't understand much, but Telemundo's coverage seemed *my bueno*, indeed. One complaint: no lusty GOOOOAL! after the tawdry admission.



STEVE CANNELLA

Check That

THOSE FEW YEARS being an assistant football coach in the Big 10 at the very young age of 24 or 25 were a tremendous advantage to me in understanding how to win."

—Yankees Owner George Steinbrenner

Steinbrenner's assistant-football-coach record:

COLLEGE	YEAR	WINS	LOSSES	TIES
NORTHWESTERN	1955	0	8	1
PURDUE	1956	3	4	2

THE LIST

Things We're Looking Forward to Making Fun Of:

- ✓ Vanilla Ice's new album
- ✓ The team that wins the American League wild card
- ✓ Coverage of the anniversary of Di's death
- ✓ Film starring Jean-Claude Van Damme as a fashion designer
- ✓ Y&K
- ✓ UPF show about Lincoln's butler
- ✓ More millennium lists
- ✓ The inevitable Ben Affleck-Gwyneth Paltrow breakup
- ✓ Dan Quayle's next campaign
- ✓ The new Olsen twins show
- ✓ Bo Derek playing the widowed mom of surfer brothers on NBC
- ✓ Footloose: the Musical

THEN & NOW



YASGUR'S FARM, 1969
Woodstock's fans, bummed by weather, chant, "No rain! No rain!"



YASGUR'S FARM, 1998
Parched fans, bummed by lack of booze, chant, "We want beer! We want beer!"

MARS & VENUS



ABS **ORGASMS**
17 **6**


ABS VS. ORGASMS
So men are preoccupied with sex, and women with their bodies, right? Better take note: a tally of articles on sex and fitness in the past four issues of *Men's Health* and *Cosmopolitan* suggests otherwise:



ABS **ORGASMS**
4 **10**

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MILESTONES

ARRESTED. TWO NEW SUSPECTS

being questioned in the bombings of the U.S. embassies in Kenya and Tanzania; for attempting to cross the Pakistani border into Afghanistan without proper papers. Pakistani officials say they are interrogating the two, a Saudi and a Sudanese, over possible links to Osama bin Laden, the millionaire Islamic fundamentalist waging a holy war against the U.S. who is thought by many to be behind the bombings.



NYMAGAZINE/STEVICH

DIED. JERRY LOFTIS, top, 29, adrenaline-infused athlete who pioneered the insanely extreme sport of sky surfing; after his parachute failed to deploy; in Quincy, Ill.



DIED. JIM MURRAY, 78, irrepressible Los Angeles Times sports columnist whose witty dispatches made him a most valuable player on the sports beat; of cardiac arrest; in Los Angeles. Murray spent 37 years at the Times giving sports junkies a morning fix of his laugh-a-line musings. One of four sports writers to score a Pulitzer Prize for commentary, Murray greeted his award with characteristic humor: "This is going to make it a little easier on the guy who writes my obit."

COURTESY OF THE LOS ANGELES TIMES

DIED. DOROTHY WEST, 91, sole surviving voice of the Harlem Renaissance; in Boston. West was just a teen when she tied with Zora Neale Hurston for second place in a short-story contest, winning swift admission into the gifted clique of black intellectuals. The daughter of an ex-slave, West settled in tony Martha's Vineyard, Mass., and in 1995, after years of literary silence, published *The Wedding*, a novel about the black bourgeoisie that she dedicated to her editor, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

DIED. JULIAN GREEN, 97, enigmatic American author embraced by France as a distinguished *homme de lettres*; in Paris. The bilingual Green compared writing in English to "wearing clothes that were not made for me." He wrote under the name Julien to further Francofy himself, penning more than 25 darkly brooding novels, plays and essays and *Journal*, a multivolume diary of his life.

NUMBERS



4 minutes Length of Clinton's apology speech

50 minutes Average length of Clinton's speeches to the nation

67.6 million Viewers who watched Clinton's apology speech

60 million Viewers who watched Nixon's resignation speech



\$5.95 Admission to the Richard Nixon Library and Birthplace

\$10 Admission to the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library and Museum



8 days Time it took millionaire balloonist Steve Fossett to sail 15,202 miles on his failed attempt to circle the earth

28 months Time it took Lewis and Clark to cover 8,000 miles across the North American continent

\$350,000 Estimated cost of Fossett's trip

\$380,000 Estimated cost in 1998 dollars of Lewis and Clark's expedition

Sources: The National Journal; Netem; CNN; ABC; Washington University in St. Louis; USA Today; Historical Statistics of the United States

TIME CAPSULE

On Sept. 23, 1952, Republican vice-presidential candidate **RICHARD M. NIXON** gave his famous "Checkers speech" to explain why he had used private money to pay political bills as a Senator:



Was it "morally wrong" for him to have drawn on the \$18,000 fund for political expenses? No, said Nixon, since the 76 contributors asked no special favors, expected none and got none. Nixon's voice took on a compelling note of seriousness as he launched his bold counterstroke: "What I am going to do is to give ... a complete financial history, everything I've earned, everything I've spent, everything I owe ..." Nixon had one postscript: "I probably should tell

you, because if I don't they'll probably be saying this about me too—we did get something, a gift, after the election. It was a little cocker spaniel dog ... and our little girl Tricia, the six-year-old, named it Checkers. You know, the kids love the dog, and regardless of what they say about it, we're going to keep it." ... In 30 minutes, by the exposure of his personality, he had changed from a liability to his party to a shining asset.

—TIME, Oct. 6, 1952

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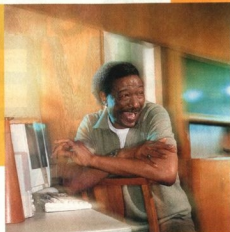


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Hauppauge!

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www.microsoft.com/windows98/multimedia/

TIME

AUG. 17, 1998
Clinton minutes before
delivering his "apology"

"I MISLED PEOPLE"

In apologizing, Clinton declares his family's pain a private affair. Is this just another clever evasion?

By NANCY GIBBS and MICHAEL DUFFY

WHEN CHELSEA CLINTON WAS SIX years old, her parents used to make her cry in hopes that they could make her tough. Dad was in the middle of an especially ugly re-election fight, his enemies were drawing blood, and so they all tried a game at the dinner table: Chelsea would pretend that she was her father, making speeches about why people should vote for her, and then he would attack her, say really mean things, so she would learn to protect herself. At first the exercises reduced the little girl to tears: "Why would anybody say things like that?" But after a while, Hillary later wrote, "she gradually gained mastery over her emotions"; she came to understand people's dark motives; and, finally, she would come back fighting, fully prepared to handle the wicked lies that enemies might tell.

What would it take to prepare her, so many years later, for the possibility that this time, the enemies were the ones telling the truth? And what would it take to prepare us?

If we Americans watched and weighed Bill Clinton more closely this week than we ever have, we may have been watching Hillary even more carefully. Before the drama could play out in prime time, it had to play out in private, and at times it felt as though she invited us into her kitchen to role-play some more. You think this has been hard to discuss with your children? she would say. Imagine what we have had to say to our own. You hate this coarse and vulgar story?



JAN. 26, 1998 Clinton defiant: "I did not have sexual relations with that woman ... I never told anybody to lie, not a single time—never"

You at least can turn off the TV; you don't have to sleep with it.

Since last weekend, the Clinton circle has been betting that Americans would take their cues from Hillary. They put out the word that the First Lady did not know about her husband's betrayal until late last week. By Saturday she had disappeared. On Sunday morning she went to church with him. On Sunday night she said a prayer for him. On Monday she lit a fire under him. And on Tuesday, after her office issued a statement that "clearly, this is not the best day in Mrs. Clinton's life," she and her daughter took him by the hand and walked across the South Lawn into the most interesting summer vacation we may never hear about.

But there was, of course, a crucial difference for us. Hillary Clinton's decision about whether to believe him or not, forgive him or not, was born of their life and her vows. We didn't marry him; we hired

SPECIAL REPORT



STARR'S TURN

The independent counsel, arriving at the White House, encountered a contentious presidential witness. Clinton outlined his affair with Monica Lewinsky, but Starr and his six prosecutors repeatedly asked him to get specific. He told them, No way

him. She signed on for better or worse. We elected him to make things better.

WHEN HE DECIDED THREE WEEKS AGO to testify before Kenneth Starr's grand jury, Clinton was agreeing to make three of the hardest speeches of his life: to his wife and daughter, to the grand jury and to the rest of us. Before that was over, the Commentariat would also need to be fed, to satisfy its hunger for a story line with drama and pathos and a denouement, perhaps a body or two, certainly some blood and guts. By last Sunday, when the speech was nearly at hand and the predictions were buzzing like cicadas over the capital, there came a moment when private pain could even solve a political problem, and Clinton could argue that he had already suffered enough and should be released on probation with credit for time served.

In the days leading up to Monday's confession, the mystery of what he would say to the nation was never as compelling as what he would say to his wife. Clinton had appar-

ently found it easier to lie to 269 million Americans with Hillary at his side than to sit her down and tell her the truth. There are people at the heart of the White House who swear up and down that going into this weekend, Hillary Clinton still did not know, really know, the truth about Monica Lewinsky. Such ignorance in a very smart woman, they argue, is born of a mix of decision and denial: an unusual career—the brilliant Yale lawyer who gave up her work to make her husband better at his—and an unusual marriage, in which his serial infidelity was taken for granted by everyone except her.

Clinton took his first step on Wednesday night, Aug. 12, a sort of out-of-town opening for the performances that would follow. He tried out a lawyer's redacted version of a confession, not on Hillary but on a friend whose reviews he could trust. He said the relationship had begun during the 1995 government shutdown; it strayed across the line, and it made him ashamed. What really worried him, now that he had

to face the grand jury, was how he would prepare Hillary for the next four days.

That talk came the next night, Thursday, when Chelsea was out with friends and her parents had some time to be alone. How it went is the only thing that is sure to remain between Bill, Hillary and their God.

Friday was an endurance contest. The *New York Times* brought the curtain up with the news that Clinton might admit to a sexual affair with Lewinsky. The fact that this had been assumed for two weeks did not dilute the drama of the paper of record's stating what he would do and how he would do it: the legalistic parsing of definitions of sex that would let him admit to lying but deny perjury—a nifty legal trick. As if that were not enough, some observers suggested that the story had been leaked to give Hillary the bad news that Clinton might not be able to deliver himself. Hillary, her lawyers and just about every White House official with a telephone would deny the report at least once that day. And in the mean-

time, Hillary had her own surprise to spring—an early birthday party for her husband on the South Lawn, complete with spice cake and the Marine Band and everything short of *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*.

Then the White House went dark. There's nothing so rare at the Executive Mansion as a quiet Saturday, when people can relax and Presidents actually get to play. But this was a whole new kind of quiet—hollow and grim. Clinton was looking, simultaneously, at the most dangerous prospect of his public life and the most devastating chapter of his private one. He canceled his plans for the weekend to prepare for his testimony; Hillary went into seclusion. She virtually locked herself in a room upstairs, forswearing visitors and talking to no one other than her mother and other family. Chelsea was nowhere to be seen either.

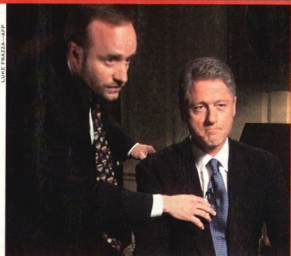
White House officials later announced that Hillary had "learned" over the weekend, which naturally raised the question of what she had been thinking for the past seven months. Denial is a wonderful thing; it can stretch to contain an awful lot of evidence that looks hostile. A friend said her free fall had to do with the fact that in many ways, the Clintons' marriage has gone so well since they arrived at the White House six years ago. Some marriages would blister under such hot lights, but theirs flourished, partly because Bill was under what amounted to house arrest. What trouble could he get into there, right under her nose, not to mention the Secret Service's?

NOT BEFORE SUNDAY MORNING WOULD

Hillary show any signs of where she had landed. It's possible that hatred can be a comfort when the alternative is grief. At least a part of her anger at her husband was not about lying or treachery but about mandating their mortal enemy a weapon to use against them both. She had stood by her husband when his character was in question, for dodging the draft and whether he had inhaled, through Gennifer and Paula. But prior to Ken Starr, her own morals had never been questioned.

It was Starr who had challenged her judgment, investigated her law firm, friends and partners for four years. The Clintons have always believed in a conspiracy to topple them—they did when they were in Arkansas; they did when they ran for President; and they have since they've gone to Washington. By Sunday morning, says a friend, Hillary pulled on her boots and went to church. Then she prepared to go to war. "She didn't want Ken Starr to kill her husband," says the friend. "She wanted him alive so she could do it later."

Whenever things go terribly wrong, it is always Hillary who leads the way out of the



CLINTON'S CORNERMAN

David Kendall, the President's lawyer, began throwing verbal punches after his client completed the tense grand jury appearance: "We're hopeful that the President's testimony will finally bring closure to [Starr's] more than four-year and over \$40 million investigation"



wilderness. By Sunday afternoon she was huddled with the lawyers, shaping the strategy. And though the White House has carefully framed the entire scandal as one immense invasion of privacy, by Sunday the First Family decided to turn on the lights in the mansion so we could see the shadows through the shades. In the middle of the most painful weekend of her life, Hillary invited into her home for comfort the one clergyman in America better known for his pulpit at CNN than at the Fellowship Missionary Baptist Church on Chicago's South Side.

It was hard to know what to make of the family's late-night house call by Jesse Jackson. Jackson has a way with people, and he certainly seemed to have a way with Chelsea. He had been at the White House to watch the Super Bowl back on the first horrible weekend of scandal, and he and Chelsea got along great. It was mainly for her that he was invited back last weekend, family friends said, to help talk her out of her funk.

But if the Clintons know their Bible, and they do, they know that Jesus made a point about prayers: the real ones are done in secret, not on the street corner, to make an impression, but in a closet, just you and your God. But that is not where Jackson lives. He was actually live on CNN right up until he scooted off to the White House around 10:30, entering through the side door. He met Hillary on the second floor. She was dressed casually, in some sort of warm-up suit, and she and Jackson and Chelsea embraced. "We began to talk about one's faith and the storm," Jackson says. When Clinton came in, they greeted each other and chatted, but the President went into the third-floor solarium for a meeting with Harry Thomason, Clinton's old Arkansas friend, making it clear he wanted Jackson to spend time in the family quarters with Chelsea.

Then, Jackson says, he talked to Chelsea about Adam and Eve. "Of course, at the age of 19 or 20, she knows about sex. She's seen videos, watched television, listened to music.

GRIM PRE-GAME SHOW

Adviser Paul Begala, adjusting Clinton's mike, could not get him to tone down the remarks on Ken Starr. Like other staff members, Begala hoped Clinton would be more contrite than hostile, but the President was firm. Begala later said he was "disappointed" Clinton hadn't told him the full truth in the beginning

SPECIAL REPORT

She knows what is expected in marriage and knows what, in fact, happens." It was when Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit, he explained, that all the cover-ups started. "The moral here is, 'You should have stopped talking to the snake in the first place.'" Later he prayed with the family, and before he left, Chelsea said, "I love Dad. I'll handle it." Both women, Jackson said, knew what they had to do: Chelsea's "mission is to lift her dad up." And if Hillary was, as he said, bruised and humiliated, she was also standing by her man and holding to her vows and joining the legal team for the first time in weeks.

Jackson held a press conference the next day and hit every network, presenting the tableau that the drama had been missing: the repentant father, the angry mother, the isolated daughter. The story needed its cleansing ritual of contrition and penitence and absolution. That was a high bar for Clinton to clear: a coerced confession doesn't count as much as a voluntary one, but he very deliberately chose not to give that back in January, when there was still a chance the lies might work. Still, if Clinton's sex life was his own business and not ours, then the subtext was that it was up to Hillary and Chelsea to punish him, up to them to forgive him. Whatever righteous indignation we may feel was Hillary's to express, any crockery we feel like breaking was hers to throw. And if she can put this behind her, the thinking goes, surely we can too.

Not everyone bought it—not even the people inside. Some top aides in the White House could not fathom the possibility that Hillary did not know much more than the story line of the weekend allowed. "That doesn't seem real to me," said one. "They have no secrets," argued another. "They know each other. They know each other backward and forward." She had to profess ignorance, in this view, because the alternative to being a trusting sucker was being a cold-blooded liar. A longtime Democratic official, who has never been in Clinton's camp, watched the mopping-up operation and marveled at the way the Clintons had used their own misery, if that's what it was, to grow new arms and legs. "Do I think she may have been hurt? That it was potentially a much

TIME/CNN POLL

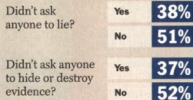
■ President Clinton admitted on television to having an "inappropriate relationship" with Monica Lewinsky and misleading people about it. Are you satisfied or unsatisfied with what Clinton said?



■ Did Clinton go far enough in explaining his relationship with Lewinsky?



■ Do you believe him when he said he:



■ Clinton said he regretted misleading people, but did not explicitly say he was sorry. Should he have used the words "I'm sorry" or "I apologize" in his speech?



■ Was it appropriate or not appropriate for him to criticize Ken Starr's investigation?



more graphic thing than she ever expected? That it questioned the validity of their marriage? Sure. But they are working hard to cast it not as a presidential issue but as a personal one. His numbers will stay high as long as they isolate it to a sexual family matter," he said. "That's what they are trying to do."

But since the damage clearly went beyond just the President's immediate family, the circle of victims had to be widened; at least that way Clinton could be seen as paying a price. By Monday, White House reporters were being fed tales of the President's other painful conversations. The word for the weekend was "betrayal"; the scene was of the President taking his loyal aides aside one by one and apologizing to them for what he had put them through. This was essential, since his willful abuse of

the people around him was becoming a matter of public record. There were career civil servants, secretaries, Secret Service officers who do not have rich consulting fees in their futures, just high legal bills, courtesy of their visits to the grand jury.

Then there were Clinton's political aides, the ones who talked while he did not, who became household names thanks to Larry King and Charlie Rose, defending the President, insisting that he was not being cute with language when he denied the affair, insisting that this was taking so long because Starr was asking questions he shouldn't, not because Clinton was simply refusing to answer them. By telling the truth now, the President was about to make liars out of them.

The story of betrayed aides' being treat-

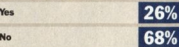
WHAT HE SAID, AND WHAT IT REALLY MEANS

Clinton's "apology" contained classic examples of BillSpeak—the artful dodge, the pointed reference, the deniable implication. Following are excerpts and interpretations:

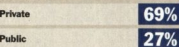
private. And that why I am speaking to you tonight. As you know, in a deposition in January, I was asked questions about my relationship with Monica Lewinsky. While my answers were legally accurate, I did not volunteer information. Indeed, I did have a relationship

WHAT IT MEANS The annoyingly Clintonian "legally accurate" bit prompted a great national cringe: another "I didn't inhale." It indicates he believes that if Monica performed oral sex on him, he didn't technically have sex with her, at least according to the definition of "sexual relations" used in the Paula Jones case.

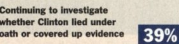
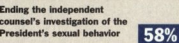
Should Clinton be impeached or removed from office?



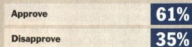
Is Clinton's sexual relationship with Lewinsky a private matter between him and his family, or is it a legal matter to be explored further in public?



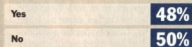
Which do you favor?



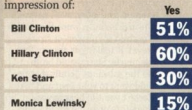
Do you approve or disapprove of the way Clinton is handling his job as President?



Regardless of how you feel about his political views, do you respect Clinton?



Do you have a favorable impression of:



From a telephone poll of 1,062 adult Americans taken for TIME/CNN Aug. 28 by SurveyResearch Partners Inc. Sampling error is ±3.2%. "Not sure" omitted.

ed to one-on-one apologies continued to circulate through the weekend and all day Monday. But within the White House there was a strange echo chamber. The more the TV reporters spoke of his private contrition to colleagues, the more bemused aides were ranked about being out of the apology loop—until they called around and found that there was no loop. It was hard to find anyone who had talked to Clinton for more than about 30 seconds, and that time was usually used, pre-emptively, to say, "Mr. President, we don't have to have this conversation now."

It was really not until Tuesday, when the stories of these painful presidential conversations had made the front pages, that Clinton actually decided to have some of them. The Washington Post would later re-

port that aides drafted talking points for colleagues on how to answer questions about their own reactions to Clinton's deceptions. "Do you forgive him for misleading you and the country?" read a sample question. The talking points suggested the following answer: "It's been said that 'he who cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself.' Of course I do."

IN THE MEANTIME, THERE WAS ANOTHER audience to prepare for, and that was the prosecutors. Starr had many more choices to make about how Monday would go than Clinton did. It would have been unwise for Clinton's lawyer David Kendall even to consider allowing his client to answer direct, graphic questions about his conduct with Lewinsky. The President

had, after all, not only denied having an affair with her in his Paula Jones deposition; he couldn't remember ever having been alone with her, an assertion that does not allow much room for elaboration. So there was very little leeway for Clinton to change what he intended to say to Starr.

That meant that what mattered was what Starr would ask. If the White House held out an olive branch to the prosecutors, it could hope that perhaps he would stand down a bit, not provoke a constitutional crisis, focus on the most relevant questions about obstruction of justice and subornation of perjury and not press the graphic sexual material too far. White House aides were quietly drawing reporters' attention to a hot scoop: "You know, the story no one has written..." The White House, they said, was backing off on Starr, hadn't attacked him for weeks. And of course, if none of that worked, if Starr came in with guns blazing, as every bit of his conduct to date suggested he would, the White House had some cover for fighting back.

That was enough to give the commentators plenty to chew on through the long wait on Monday. The day began with an NBC poll showing Clinton's job approval at an all-time high, 70%. The markets were happy too: the Dow jumped 150 points. The weather in Washington was baffled, raining and shining and raining again through air that defied you to breathe it. On "Monica beach," the 50-yd. stretch of White House gravel where the TV reporters do their stand-ups, 35 bright umbrellas sprouted like mushrooms, and the pressroom was packed despite a complete absence of news. Outside the White House, a man was arrested after he cut his throat with a screwdriver in front of the mansion, shouting, "Why do you care about Lewinsky? Bad things are happening in Iraq!"

For once in his life, Bill Clinton was early: he showed up for his testimony at 12:59 and didn't even wait for the first question before speaking. When he sat down in the White House Map Room, with the grand jurors watching on closed-circuit TV and Starr and his six prosecutors spread out before him, he had a statement all prepared

lie, to hide or destroy evidence or to make any other unlawful action. I know that my public comments and my silence about this matter gave a false impression. I misled people, including even my wife. I deeply regret that. I can only tell you I was motivated by

WHAT IT MEANS A weaselly way of saying "I lied," without the legal and moral baggage carried by the actual words. Also, bringing Hillary into the mix is a clear play for sympathy and privacy: Leave us alone to mend our marriage; it's not your business.

consideracion, too. In addition, I had real and serious concerns about an independent-counsel investigation that began with private business dealings 20 years ago, dealings, I might add, about which an independent federal agency found no evidence of any wrongdoing by me or my wife over two years ago. The independent invest

WHAT IT MEANS "I hate Kenneth Starr with every fiber of my being." But Clinton also has a good point: it seems Starr hasn't been able to dig up anything specifically about him on Whitewater, which started this whole mess and which has always been too confusing to rile most Americans.

SPECIAL REPORT

so he could tell his story before they had a chance to ask. Yes, he had had an "inappropriate" relationship with Monica Lewinsky. He had indeed been alone with her, but he didn't really consider it alone, since stewards and assistants were always hovering just outside the office, within earshot, as he suggested during the Jones deposition. He presented a brief history of the relationship and gave dates and places of their liaisons.

On most issues the President's account of the affair generally matched Lewinsky's. He admitted giving her the gifts—the hatpin, the book of poems and a T shirt—that he had difficulty remembering when Jones' lawyers asked about them back in January. And he explained how the two had promised to keep the affair secret, though he stressed that those discussions did not occur after she was subpoenaed in the Jones case.

But when it came to talking about the actual sexual encounters, the two stories went their separate ways. Just as the previews promised, the President claimed that he did not commit perjury back in January because under the definition of sexual relations that the Jones lawyers put on the table that day, he did not consider his behavior with Lewinsky to count as sex. During that deposition seven months ago, a source familiar with his testimony told TIME, "he construed things narrowly. He was accurate but not helpful. That was his goal, and that's what he did. That's why he testified honestly."

That line of defense, of course, made the whole question of what he did and didn't do with Lewinsky relevant, especially since by her sworn account, what happened between them qualified under any definition of sex. Lewinsky, sources close to her defense said, had told the grand jury that Clin-

ton fondled her breasts and genitals—the kind of activity covered by the Jones definition of sexual relations. Unless the President gave detailed testimony, there was no way for prosecutors to reconcile the discrepancy.

But when the prosecutors tried then to ask the specific questions, Clinton revolted, invoked his right to privacy, and refused to answer. Discussing the sexual-relations definition used in the Jones case, Clinton was asked about various activities that might fit the definition—and the President said oral sex did not make the cut. Yet he did not acknowledge engaging in it with Lewinsky. Starr and his team huddled, came back and proceeded to ask Clinton specific questions the President had just ruled out of bounds. The prosecutors pushed harder, drawing on the details they had from Lewinsky's testimony. He refused to budge, trying to screen out what his legal team described as questions of a "graphic and offensive" nature. Clinton's team insists these were the *only* questions he refused to answer—a strategy apparently aimed at making it appear that any further pushing by Starr would be an effort to get into the salacious details that no American would want to volunteer and that the country doesn't want to hear anyway.

With prosecutors pressing for answers and Clinton balking, the tone started out tense and got worse. Starr's team reminded Clinton of his obligation to answer, implicitly threatening that they could issue a new subpoena at any time. At one point, Clinton told the grand jury members that they and Starr had done their homework, but he was not going to change his story no matter how long they asked. Starr himself asked a few questions, but most of the grilling was left to his more seasoned



deputies. Nearly the entire session focused on the Lewinsky affair, with questions also coming up about Kathleen Willey's allegation of being groped in the Oval Office. When the agreed time of four hours had elapsed, Starr asked to extend the session. The President declined.

The meeting broke up at 6:25, and attorney Kendall appeared outside the diplomatic entrance to say there would indeed

DEVIL OF A BLUE DRESS: TA

NOW WHAT ABOUT THAT DRESS? DOES THE LONG-SLEEVED, belted, blue shirtwaist from the Gap still matter? Or is it like all those McGuffins in Hitchcock movies, just another evidentiary dead end stuck into the script to fool us for a while?

For starters, the dress had nothing to do with Monica's getting immunity. When Ken Starr's lawyers first asked Lewinsky about the dress last month, her lawyers refused to let her answer. Don't even go there, they warned Starr's deputies. The prosecutors dropped the matter, and contrary to other published hints, Lewinsky got full immunity for herself and her parents without any mention of the dress that day or the next, when the immunity deal was inked. So much for that rumor.

But the dress sure seemed to help refresh Bill Clinton's memory of his relationship with Lewinsky. When she showed up at the courthouse on July 29, she had a surprise in her duffel bag. Suddenly, prosecutors had probable physical evidence of



GAME OF GOTCHA?
Monica Lewinsky's infamous blue dress may have helped refresh Clinton's memory



BY MICHAEL DUFFY

be a speech that night. He then invoked the "four years, \$40 million" mantra against Starr. That was a sure sign that the olive branch hadn't worked.

THE LAST PART OF CLINTON'S TRIATHLON was always supposed to be the easiest; at the very least, he is usually a good talker. Public opinion hadn't budged in seven months: we know you did it, we like you

anyway, please just make it go away. He never had to offer much more than a simple explanation and a genuine apology, and in the final days leading up, people competed to lower the bar for him. Yet the greatest irony in a year of ironies would be that the speech in which he had to admit he had been lying went bad because, for once, he said what he honestly thought.

No one even wanted to confirm that

WHEN DID SHE KNOW?

Perhaps not until last week. Her strength is "just amazing," said the Rev. Jesse Jackson, a confidant

there would be a speech at all, just in case things went too late or horribly wrong, or Clinton just couldn't pull it off after wrestling with Starr. Begala had begun working on a draft at home on Saturday. He tapped away on Sunday on a White House computer, without knowing anything about what the President was going to say under oath. He knew that an important element of the speech would be to say something about Hillary, but he had to leave that section blank for Clinton to fill. Begala's version centered on the President's own contrition, with no attack on Starr. Various friends sent in suggestions. Linda Bloodworth-Thomason helped with the language.

The next morning, Clinton turned over his draft to Begala to hone through the afternoon. After Clinton entered the Map Room to begin his testimony, longtime adviser Mickey Kantor convened a meeting in White House counsel Charles Ruff's office that included Clinton's top political aides. At this point, the phrase "legally accurate" as a way of describing a lie that does not count as perjury had not yet entered the lexicon.

Clinton's proposed draft was circulated, and his advisers were alarmed at the language and the fury he directed at Starr. Though Starr is unpopular, if the polling had made anything clear at all, it was that public forgiveness was conditioned on an apology. To try to skip that step seemed an unnecessary risk: it might cost Clinton a lot

MAKING THE WRAPS OFF A FASHION STRATEGY

the affair. But did they? The main reason Lewinsky's lawyers did not offer the dress to Starr earlier is that no one really knew what it was on it. It might be semen, they told TIME last week, but even they have never been sure. Before turning the dress over, they declined to test it, and they didn't want to oversell it in negotiations. So once Lewinsky had her get-out-of-jail card, she gave the dress away free.

Lewinsky had several other good reasons to do that. First, if Clinton's semen was on the dress, it might be useful at a later time in case he and his operatives called her a liar, deluded or crazy, as they were planning to do. But the real power of the dress was not to punish Clinton but to smoke him out of his denial. Her privacy destroyed and her dignity under siege, the last thing Lewinsky wants to do is spend the fall and next spring answering prurient questions from Congressmen about her private life. The sheer possibility of semen on the dress would be like truth serum in

Clinton's orange juice: Nothing like a DNA test to bring out the best in a man. Sure enough, no sooner had the dress made its way to the FBI lab than Clinton's aides began to hint that he might admit to the affair after all.

But the dress could do only so much for Monica. Clinton's testimony left the Lewinsky camp pondering its next moves. It wasn't that he called the affair "wrong" and "not appropriate." It was that he kept splitting legal hairs and insisting that his earlier denial of "sexual relations" as defined by Paula Jones' lawyers was "legally accurate." That was probably the hardest part for Lewinsky, for it implied that all the affection was one way and not mutual. "That is contrary to Monica's testimony," said a lawyer familiar with her case. Which may help explain why Monica Lewinsky was scheduled to be back before the grand jury. And why she is likely to be facing a lot of Congressmen this fall. —By

Michael Duffy and Michael Weisskopf/Washington



TIES THAT BIND Clinton, at a Rose Garden ceremony on Aug. 6, wore a necktie that sources say Lewinsky gave him in 1996

HOW TO SURVIVE THE SCANDAL

WISH THIS WAS OVER," THE PRESIDENT SAID. "AFTER I LEAVE THIS PLACE, I never want to see it again." Bill Clinton on Monday night, after his sorta culpa? No. President Ulysses Grant in 1875, after scandals had smudged his Civil War gloss. Clinton has been reading about Grant, who he believes got a "bum rap." Both men were subjected to all manner of low-grade calumny: mostly financial scandals for Grant, mostly Monica for Clinton. For both, the accusations were constant, painful and irrelevant to a majority of the public. Grant remained the nation's most popular politician even postscandal. Ditto Clinton. But today Grant is considered an utter failure. Can Clinton avoid that fate? "He's probably going to be driving himself even more, because he will want more than ever for history not to carry this as the headline," says Clinton's former chief of staff Leon Panetta. Some of the President's options:

THE REAGAN RECIPE

Following the Iran-*contra* debacle in 1986, Ronald Reagan steered deliberately to the center, hoping to end his presidency on a good note. He made sure to pass a couple of solidly popular domestic measures with bipartisan support. For Clinton, that could be rewriting the managed-care files and saving Social Security from bankruptcy. Overseas he needs one clear win. Reagan had a Soviet arms-control deal; Clinton could try for progress in the Middle East peace talks.

THE HOUSECLEANING FORMULA

The idea here is to set a new tone as quickly as possible. Clinton might announce that he will immediately drop all appeals of the various legal privileges and answer any questions Kenneth Starr cares to ask. Clinton could also release his grand jury testimony. He might even ask for the resignation of anyone who tried to help Monica Lewinsky find work, such as Energy Secretary Bill Richardson or deputy chief of staff John Podesta, no matter who asked them to do so. Problem: that could leave people wondering why Clinton is still there.

THE COMEBACK-KID STRATEGY

It's Clinton's tried and true way. Keep campaigning. Hit the road, and let the pictures tell the story. Go overseas. When you come home, tout those transportation-bill projects. Raise money for the Democrats now and through 2000. Pray for Al Gore.

—By John Cloud. Reported by Michael Duffy and Karen Tumulty/Washington

to say that he was a liar, but it would only help to say he was sorry for it. Kantor, chairing the meeting, was clear about where the boss stood. Everyone who was trying to keep the President from going after Starr was wasting his time.

Another meeting convened in the solarium about two hours before the speech, and it was a contentious scene. Aides kept arguing against an attack on Starr, and Clinton kept arguing back. Starr is the only prosecutor who would have delved into his personal life, he said, adding that not everyone in America knows this, and this would be an opportunity to tell them. He said there was an anti-Starr group out there that would welcome his criticism. The aides persisted. Hillary turned to her husband and said, "It's your speech. You say what you want to say." Then she left the room, and the arguments continued.

IT IS TOO SOON TO KNOW WHETHER, AS the millennium approaches, Monday night was the moment the Spin Decade ended. Clinton's sharpest sword has always been his ability to persuade. And even as the speech approached, it was hard to know whether to root for or against the man from Hope, to wish that he might seize what the office affords him in grace and redemption: to apologize and, with just the right mix of candor and contrition, to make himself new again. Or wish that he wouldn't.

After so much criticism of his promiscuous use of language, Clinton made his basic points very directly. "It was wrong." "A personal failure." His observation that even Presidents have private lives was compelling and legitimate—most Americans agree that what goes on in a President's bedroom is no one's business but his. It skipped right past the problem that the conduct he admitted to occurred not in his bedroom but off the Oval Office, with a junior employee, an act disgraceful enough that any manager in any other job would lose it.

But he was tripped up by his anger at Starr and the collapsing weight of his own double-talk. He essentially did not say he was sorry for what he had done; he was just sorry he got caught. The reason he lied was to protect himself, protect his family and—this was the biggest error of all—because the cops were after him. And then he appealed for us to make it all go away.

The language also had that Clinton smell. Seven months of lies and the famous finger wag somehow amounted only to an admission that he "gave a false impression." As for defending answers as "legally accurate," most people think something is accurate or it is not. The idea of establishing some new zone of semitruth immediately brings to mind another phrase, the

one that still haunts Al Gore: "no controlling legal authority." That too was one supplied by lawyers. This may have been a necessary way of avoiding admitting perjury, but the whole speech said the opposite: I was lying then, I'm telling the truth now, but I never perjured myself.

The speech played beautifully to an audience of one. But other than Hillary, the instant reviews started out surprised and went down from there. The polls were generally neutral, didn't move up or down; but the editorial pages were blistering, and, more important, the Democrats lifted scarcely a finger to rally round their man. Democratic leaders on the Hill grew more incensed after White House officials, acting on Kendall's guidance, called Monday evening to report that the President's testimony had gone just fine.

In the postspeech recap, the commentators hit Clinton hard for going after Starr and turning what was supposed to be a sacred moment into a profane one. But a White House insider argued otherwise: "It was a great piece of bait, and the Republicans took it." Instead of focusing their fire on Clinton's lying or misconduct in the Oval Office, he noted, they are using their sound bites to defend the most unpopular man in America. That may not pull Starr up much, and if the Democrats have any luck, it may pull down the Republicans. And it certainly is a diversion.

Starr's team lost no time in signaling that it was not about to back down because of a four-minute speech. On Tuesday morning the independent counsel was back in his office by 5:30 and issued another call for Lewinsky to testify. The plan is apparently designed to test the President's latest testimony for perjury, by contrasting her detailed story with the President's evasive account. Far from receding in any way, the confrontation between Starr and the President seemed to raise the stakes and send both men back to their corners more ornery than ever.

Starr and his team still have the option of subpoenaing Clinton. The President defied them, refusing to answer their questions fully. "No prosecutor would accept that from an ordinary witness," says John Barrett, a former *Iran-contra* prosecutor now teaching at St. John's University School of Law in New York City. "You'd get a subpoena the next day and ask specific, pointed questions until you got answers, or you'd indict the guy." But the Chief Executive plays by different rules.

Legally, Starr would almost certainly win a subpoena fight—Clinton already conceded the grand jury's legitimacy by testifying—though appeals could take months if the Supreme Court chose to hear the case. The harder prediction was political. Would the public blame Clinton for dragging out a subpoena fight now that he's admitted sex and lies, or Starr for continuing to hammer away on more Monica minutiae?

Starr's first steps after Monday showed awareness that restraint gave him strength in a war of attrition. Instead of picking an

promotion for Gore have the Republicans paralyzed.

By Tuesday morning, the First Lady's office, which never breathes a word without permission, officially notified reporters that "this is a time that she relies on her strong religious faith. She's committed to her marriage and loves her husband and daughter very much and believes in the President, and her love for him is compassionate and steadfast. She clearly is uncomfortable with her personal life being made so public but is looking forward to

going on vacation with her family and having some family time together." With that, the Clintons were walking hand in hand in hand to their helicopter, heading off to Martha's Vineyard on a vacation that insiders said over and over was likely to be awful.

On the plane, Clinton worked on the New York Times crossword puzzle. At one point he sat back and smiled, bemused at 46 down, a four-letter word for "meal for the humble?" "Well," he said, "here's one that's appropriate for today." (Answer: crow.) When the plane touched down, the crowds were waiting, eager and therapeutic, waving handmade signs that called WELCOME BACK and MV LOVES BILL. At the bottom of the steps to greet him with a bear hug when Air Force One touched down in Edgartown, Mass., was Vernon Jordan.

As they came into the crowds, Chelsea was, perhaps for the first time since her public life began six years ago, on center stage. She smiled with grace. She worked the rope line. She knelt and talked to the children, a bright-eyed American echo of other countries' princesses. No matter what designs lay behind those pictures, what sympathy they were designed to generate, there were some undeniable realities. The night before, she had had to watch her father admit to something hideously painful. It may not have been a surprise to her, but that makes it no less of a tragedy. Her ability to come back and fight for him, to walk with him and smile for him and throw herself before the cameras aimed at him, was an act of generosity and love that speaks better for Bill and Hillary Clinton than anything they could say or do in whatever public life remains to them. The whole family lingered, but the President had to pull Chelsea away when it was time to go. All that role playing had taught her well.

—Reported by Margaret

Carlson, J.F.O. McAllister, Karen Tumulty, Michael Weisskopf/Washington, Julie Grace/Chicago and Jay Branegan/Martha's Vineyard



OLD PALS Clinton greets friend and adviser Vernon Jordan on Martha's Vineyard on Tuesday

immediate subpoena fight with Clinton, he was apparently weighing whether the smarter course might be just to finish up a few remaining witnesses and send the House his report "of any substantial and credible information ... that may constitute grounds for an impeachment." Along with other important evidence, the transcript of Clinton's answers and evasions could be included for the Judiciary Committee to make its judgments, and could help Starr's case. But Clinton seemed to relish a gallop to Congress, where those big approval ratings and the thought of a

Peggy Noonan

Why the Speech Will Live in Infamy

After seven long months, what we got was four minutes of petulance and prevarication. It felt less like a speech than a slap.

The President's speech was a disaster, a historic failure that will be ever noted and long remembered. It was, in fact, a reverse Checkers speech. The Checkers speech was a defiant and manipulative statement that saved a career. The Monica speech was a defiant and manipulative statement that will, I believe, ultimately undo one.

The speech had to do four difficult things. First, it had to both be forthcoming and seem forthcoming. Second, it had to elicit from

the audience sympathy, empathy, a desire on the part of Americans to make the collective leap from the pursuit of justice to the bestowing of mercy. Third, it had to answer more questions than it raised. And fourth, it had to make the case that it is in our interests as a great nation to move on; it had to end this story by taking the steam out of it.

It failed on all counts. The President was not and did not appear to be forthcoming. His previous untruthful statements were "legally accurate," though he did not "volunteer information." He had a relationship with Miss Lewinsky that was "not appropriate." His public comments and his silence gave "a false impression." He regrets this. He used the lawyerly locutions of one who is using words not to reveal but to conceal. He could not resist the self-indulgent—he was the victim of questions raised "in a politically inspired lawsuit which has since been dismissed." He meant to show conviction and instead revealed arrogance—"It's nobody's business but ours."

The speech did not elicit sympathy because he was not tough on himself. He was, instead, tough on the independent prosecutor. His demeanor was not that of a strong man in a moment of contrition but that of a defensive man in a moment of aggression. There was no trust in his speech, no sense that he knew he could trust the compassion of the people he leads. When you fail to trust the people, they notice and are not warmed. More to the point, they are left uninclined to give you what you don't give them. He did not explicitly apologize for having forced the country through seven solid months of mystery, distraction and embarrassment. He suggested this was the fault of an overzealous prosecution.

He raised more questions than he answered. What was the nature of the relationship that was "not appropriate"?

Why was it "wrong"? What did the patronizing "Even Presidents have private lives" mean? Does it mean that Presidents can have sexual relations with 21-year-olds in the room next to the Oval Office and that if we look into it we are "prying into private lives"? Has he learned anything? Will this happen again? Is it quite right for him to instruct the public to "turn away from the spectacle" and "repair the fabric of our national discourse"? Who caused this spectacle? Whose actions led to the most recent deep tearing of the fabric?

I should note here that just before the speech, a guest on *Larry King Live* said the President should "do a 100% grovel." The American President cannot, should not, must not grovel. But a strong man can tell hard truths; can be tough on himself; can, through painful candor, inspire a nation to be its best, most generous self. But he must be his best, most generous self first.

Because he was grudging and graceless, because he was not utterly candid and unsparing, because he kept alive old questions and gave life to new ones, because he was his worst self, Bill Clinton did not end this story. He left his friends what they so often are, embarrassed, and his enemies emboldened. He did not rob the engine of its steam. He did the one thing he absolutely could not afford to do: he stoked the fire.

Are we surprised by all this? I was. Clinton has usually been equal to the moment. He has never been eloquent, merely verbal, and he has never—how to put it?—stunned us with his brilliance. But he has often been shrewd, and he has always shown the skills of the survivor. He has always, too, acted the public part of the presidency with ease and burly vanity. The other night on TV I saw a videotape of Clinton walking along the White House lawn, his hands clasped thoughtfully behind his back, his face a shaded mask of contemplation. In physical attitude and facial expression he looked exactly like the lovely White House portrait of President Kennedy. And you know what I am sure he was thinking as he walked by the cameras? He was thinking, "I look exactly like the lovely portrait of President Kennedy."

So he can act, and does. Why was his acting so bad the other night? I don't think he was acting. I think he's tired. I think he dropped the mask. I think it was

the real Bill. And I think that for a lot of people the glimpse was unsettling.

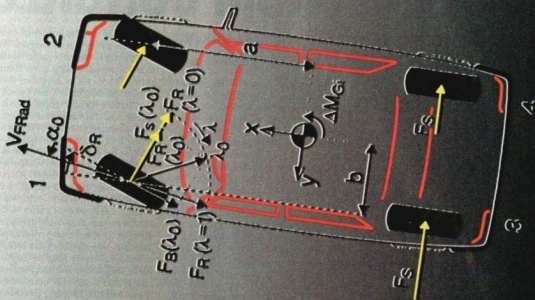
But the speech was one thing all speeches want to be. It was historic. It changed things. Alice Roosevelt Longworth once explained the scandal-plagued President Warren Harding to a friend: "Harding was not a bad man, he was just a slob." For six years, Bill Clinton's countrymen have thought that for all his messiness and melodrama, he was a basically good fellow, our Bubba, our flawed and favored good ole boy. But after this speech, with its sullen anger and trimming, a chord may have been broken, an estrangement begun. Something tells me "He's not a slob, he's a bad man" is on the way, which will be especially wounding for one who so needily gulps the people's approbation.

Early reports are that Hillary Clinton had a hand in the speech. This would seem to suggest that Dr. Freud was right: a person who has been hurt by another individual will sometimes take unconscious revenge. ■

Peggy Noonan is a former special assistant to President Ronald Reagan. Her most recent book is Simply Speaking



WHERE'S THE CHECKERS? Clinton's speech was broadcast in New York City's Times Square



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Take a wet hairpin
turn going too fast
and this diagram
suddenly makes
a lot of sense.

What may look like a confusing diagram is actually a formula for a safer car. It describes, in technical terms, the Bosch Electronic Stability Program (ESP) safety system. ESP allows cars to better follow the intended line of travel even on wet or icy pavement. Which means more control and less sliding in severe conditions. Here's how it works. As soon as an apparent slide is detected by the system, the ESP generates a counteracting movement by intervening with the brakes, the engine and the transmission. So the driver keeps better control of the car. ESP from Bosch is another example of how we help make vehicles safer, no matter how complicated it looks.

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BOSCH

THE VIEW FROM CONGRESS

The confession leaves some lawmakers stunned, others demanding resignation. Can Clinton calm angry Democrats?

By JAMES KARNEY

AS JIM MORAN SAT AT HOME WITH HIS wife on Monday night, he wondered what to do about two of their children, ages seven and nine. Bill Clinton was moments away from delivering a televised address to the nation, and Moran, a Democratic Congressman from Virginia, "didn't want to say to the kids, 'You have to leave the room—the President's coming on.'"

The kids, as it turns out, may have been less troubled than their dad by what they saw. "This whole sordid mess is just too tawdry and tedious and embarrassing," said Moran on the morning after, his voice a subdued monotone. "It's like a novel that just became too full of juicy parts and bizarre, sleazy characters." Characters like Bill Clinton, the leader of Moran's party, the President he had followed loyally for six years? "I guess part of this is finding out that everyone is far more human than we'd like to believe," conceded the Congressman. "I guess there are no real heroes."

If Moran's reaction was disturbing, what Clinton heard from some other Democrats in Congress was even worse. Dianne Feinstein, the highly regarded Senator

from California, recalled how she believed Clinton back in January when he denied having had a sexual relationship with Monica Lewinsky. With the President's change of story, she said, "my trust in his credibility has been badly shattered." Paul McHale, a retiring third-term Democratic Congressman from Pennsylvania's Lehigh Valley, went even further. Declaring that the President "lied under oath" and "almost certainly" encouraged Lewinsky to keep silent, McHale bluntly called on Clinton to "resign or face impeachment."

It's one thing for Republicans to call for Clinton's resignation. (Some, like conservative presidential aspirant Senator John Ashcroft, did so quickly, and predictably.) But congressional Democrats for the President's outmost—and most important—ring of defense against his enemies. Which is why Clinton got on the phone to offer personal explanations and apologies to more than a dozen Democratic lawmakers on Tuesday. For the most part, those Democrats who said anything at all in public stuck to White House-inspired spin, expressing "disappointment" in the President, but satisfaction that he had taken responsibility for his actions, and a strong desire to see Starr's investigation come to an end. In private, however, Democrats

were saying that the President's hold on his party has never been so fragile. "We stood by this guy for seven months while he lied to us," complained one bitter House Democrat. "Now we're supposed to happily keep defending him? I don't think so."

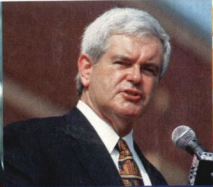
Neither did the party's congressional leaders, most of whom were conspicuous in their absence from the airwaves in the aftermath of Clinton's speech. (In a stroke of luck for the President, Congress is on summer recess, its members dispersed across the country and the world.) House Democratic leader Dick Gephardt, celebrating his 32nd anniversary with his wife in France, declined CNN's offer to dispatch a satellite truck so he could appear on *Larry King Live*. His Senate counterpart, Tom Daschle, was spending the week cruising around his home state of South Dakota, alone and, as one aide emphasized, "out of cell-phone range." Cornered at an event in Sioux Falls on Tuesday, Daschle admitted he was "disappointed in not being told the truth" when the President denied the affair. But, he said, "it's time we get on with it."

Which is about what Newt Gingrich said too. While some Republicans took the opportunity to bash the President, Gingrich maintained the uncharacteristic reserve he's been exercising in recent weeks. "It's premature for anyone to make any judgment," the House Speaker lectured reporters from his district in Georgia. "I



"I'm disappointed in not being told the truth. [But] it's time we get on with it."

—Sen. Tom Daschle, minority leader



"It's premature... to make any judgment. Everyone [should wait] for Starr's report."

—House Speaker Newt Gingrich



"My trust in [President Clinton's] credibility has been badly shattered."

—Democratic Sen. Dianne Feinstein

think that everyone would be best served if they waited for Judge Starr's report and found out what all the facts were." Senate Republican leader Trent Lott purposely avoided the cameras, instead issuing a written statement from his home in Pascagoula, Miss. He blamed the President for causing pain to his family and "the American people," but called on the independent counsel to wrap up his investigation "without delay."

Other Republicans were less circumspect. Having publicly promised Clinton that a confession would probably save him from impeachment hearings, Utah Senator Orrin Hatch responded to the speech with outrage at the President's attack on the independent counsel. G.O.P. Congressman Bob Barr, a committed Clinton opponent who sits on the House Judiciary Committee, mocked the President's act of contrition. "It was all a charade," Barr insisted. "The lip biting and the hangdog look were all part of an act." A better barometer was Illinois' Henry Hyde, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, where impeachments originate. Hyde said that until Starr turns over a report to Congress, "we simply should not speculate about how the House would proceed." Implied in his words is the expectation that Starr will eventually issue a report, which by definition would include evidence of possibly impeachable crimes.

Hyde's statement of the obvious was a reality check to all but those White House aides and naively optimistic Democrats who wanted to believe that Clinton's speech could make the whole Lewinsky scandal disappear. Barney Frank, a leading Democrat on the House Judiciary Committee, was one who scoffed at the idea that Clinton had admitted to anything that could merit more than severe political embarrassment. "If Bill Clinton were a candidate for re-election," Frank noted, "this would be a real problem for him. Thanks to the 22nd Amendment, he's not."

But he is still President, with two years remaining before his second term ends. Even if there are no impeachment hearings and he survives the next few months, Clinton may never succeed in restoring the credibility he needs with Congress to be able to lead effectively. The most he might hope for is to be viewed from Capitol Hill with disdain by his enemies and pity by his friends. Which is why, even to sympathetic Democrats like Jim Moran, Clinton's plight seems so unbearable. "After dedicating his life to public service, to have his career defined by a sleazy incident like this is more than ironic," Moran says. "It's tragic."
—With reporting by John F. Dickerson and Mark Thompson/Washington

Margaret Carlson

Blowing His Stack

Orrin Hatch can play with your head. As stiff as his white-collared shirts, a Rocky Mountain version of American Gothic, the Mormon Senator nonetheless makes nice with the Beltway Philistines. He flirts, brags endlessly about the Utah Jazz, fights Jesse Helms on his anti-AIDS legislation and is pals with Ted Kennedy. He writes love songs to his wife during long committee hearings and recorded an album of hymns, although he says he doesn't go crooning religious songs along the Potomac, as his good friend Ken Starr does. But that's one of the few ways in which he diverges from the independent counsel. As one of the frequent communicants at the altar of the Sunday-morning talk shows, Hatch has made it his mission to defend the judge. He's the James Carville of the right on the subject.

So when the President lashed back at the out-of-control prosecutor on Monday night, the lay minister who prides himself on his composure was suddenly out of control. Hatch appeared on five networks in an hour, breaking the previous indoor record for Consecutive Appearances in a Single Day, held by William Ginsburg. The screen

went dark in the Map Room, and almost immediately there was Hatch on NBC threatening, "I'm just going to blow my stack" if he hears another word against Starr. His stack gone, he moved over to CNN, where he threatened to blow his "cork" if the phrase "\$40 million" (as in "\$40 million investigation") was repeated again. On the air, he said he was "personally offended" by Clinton's attack; in the hallway, he called the President a "jerk" (as close to a four-letter epithet as Hatch ever gets). *Salt Lake Tribune* reporter John Heilprin, shadowing Hatch, reported that his press secretary praised the usually placid Senator: "Stay passionate, Orrin. That's good."

Weeks ago, Hatch made an offer of consideration for confession, which he repeated in some form in virtually every TV appearance. My first reaction was that he ought to put that in writing for purposes of negotiating the terms of surrender. My second was to wonder exactly how much contrition he wanted, on a scale from Nixonian modified hangout to a full Jimmy Swaggart, from something suitable for family viewing to a blushing Playboy-channel disclosure.



PERSONALLY OFFENDED Hatch asked for a confession, but Clinton's attack on Starr blew the deal

Hatch made a direct appeal to Clinton when he crossed paths with one of the President's spokesmen at NBC's green room in Washington. Hatch said he meant what he said, that he would do whatever he could to help the President if he would just come forward, stop the stonewalling and let up on Starr. Repent and slam no more.

Whether or not Hatch would have told Starr to shut down his investigation or urged Republicans to cease talk of impeachment if Clinton had followed his instruction, it was too late by speech time. The President had little left to lose. By being forced to testify, he'd given up just about everything. He'd raised the white flag on the Truman balcony, opened the gates to the enemy. Starr and his deputies invaded his house for six hours, asking graphic questions about extramarital sex while his daughter was in her room upstairs. Not only had Starr forced Clinton to come clean with his wife and daughter privately, he also made him do it before the whole country while they watched, a high price even for such reprehensible conduct.

That's why Clinton couldn't reach for the get-out-of-jail-free card dangled so tantalizingly by Hatch. His temper overcame his usually brilliant political skills. Hatch was satisfied with Clinton's contriteness, but it was the Starr part that got him blustering like a blunderbuss. There are, of course, plenty of reasons for Clinton to bash Starr. But Monday night was for taking responsibility. Hatch is right: getting caught is the chance every "jerk" takes when he cheats, and the guy who catches you is not the biggest problem. You are. That's true even if your captor is a jerk as well. ■

Dee Dee Myers

That's Where He Lost Me

Sitting on the set of *Larry King Live* on Monday night, I waited nervously for the President to address the nation. I had suspected for months and believed for weeks that Bill Clinton had had a sexual relationship with "that woman," Monica Lewinsky, and now, fresh from the grand jury, he was prepared to admit it to the American people. But would he take responsibility for it, own up both to his behavior and to the price his family, his supporters and the country had paid during nearly seven months of evasion?

I desperately wanted him to; night after night, my talking head implored him to. But I knew him too well.

At 10:02 p.m., a drawn and clenched-jawed President appeared on the CNN monitor. "Good evening," he said. And it was mostly downhill from there.

There were some high points. In the first few minutes, the words were right, the tone confessional. He knew what he had to say, and he was choking out an apology of sorts, though he never used the word. And I was with him. I could only imagine how difficult it was for him. Lord knows, it was painful just to watch. I was almost willing to swallow his claim that his answers in the Jones deposition were "legally accurate." I had hoped he wouldn't try to slice his own words into a meaningless pile of razor-thin legalisms, but I told myself his lawyers had probably demanded it. So I set it aside.

When he admitted that he had misled people, even his wife, his voice caught. For the first time, I felt his pain rather than his anger, and I fought the lump in my throat. I wanted more.

But it didn't come. No sooner did he accept responsibility than he shifted it, first to the "politically inspired" Paula Jones lawsuit, then, predictably, to Ken Starr.

When the speech ended, I hoped that Larry King would call on someone else first. He did. I sat there and tried to collect my thoughts, but I couldn't hide my disappointment.

Since January, I've been asked often if I was surprised by allegations that the President had an affair with a 21-year-old intern. I wasn't. After all, as the Clintons are quick to point out, they've been accused of everything from adultery to drug running to murder. What surprised me in this case was this: it was true. I never believed that Bill Clinton would actually risk his presidency—a job he had studied, dreamed about and prepared for since he was a kid—for something so frivolous, so reckless, so small.

I first went to work for Bill Clinton in the fall of 1991. I had been a wary recruit. President Bush was riding high in the wake of the Gulf War, spending a year on the road in pursuit of a lost cause seemed like a waste. But I agreed to interview for the press secretary's job.

That meeting changed my life. Never had I met a candidate who knew with such certainty why he wanted to run. And never had I met anyone in public life who believed so passionately in the potential of politics to do good. His passion was infectious, and

within a couple of weeks I found myself on the campaign plane that would become my home for the next year.

It was one hell of a ride. And through it, we were all introduced to Bill Clinton, his extraordinary gifts and his equally extraordinary weaknesses. Often, they seemed inextricably linked. Only a candidate with Clinton's resilience and abiding faith in the virtue of his mission could have survived the double whammy of Gennifer Flowers and the draft-dodge charge during the New Hampshire primary. With energy and empathy, he explained his way out of the traps he had laid—a pattern that would become all too familiar in the coming years. I learned to be careful with Clinton's words, for he chose them carefully. Too often, he meant exactly what he said—and no more. When he said the Gennifer Flowers story wasn't true, for example, he meant it. But he didn't mean that parts of it might not be true.

During the campaign and the two years I served as the White House press secretary, I sometimes felt caught in the web of those words. I never could explain what happened to the middle-class tax cut, for example, or whether if the health-care plan covered 95% of Americans, it would meet the threshold of universal care. Still, I was never asked to lie. So I tried hard, sometimes too hard, to defend a President who never lost his ability to dazzle me.

Until now.

The President's relationship with Monica Lewinsky was so reckless as to seem pathological. He knew the consequences of getting caught, but he went ahead. For 18 months. In the West Wing of the White House.

When he was caught, he put all his chips on the same kind of artfully worded, misleading denials that had snatched him from the brink of disaster before. And for seven months he put his family, his friends, his staff and his supporters through hell.

Yes, I think Ken Starr has done a lousy job, and I think he was wrong to pursue an investigation so far afield from his original mandate. But that's another story.

For the moment, Bill Clinton is the issue. Monday night he had the chance to rise above the anger and the evasiveness that have done so much damage to his presidency. He didn't. And I worry that it's too late.

It would be easier if I didn't think he was the most talented person I had ever met. It would be easier if I didn't like him, and cherish memories of political achievements and personal moments. It would be easier if I didn't believe in his agenda or think he was a potentially great President. But I do.

I just wish he had done right by all the people who so willingly gave him their votes, their hopes, their labor and their love. ■



CLINTON AND MYERS on the 1992 campaign plane

Dee Dee Myers, a contributing editor at Vanity Fair magazine, was White House press secretary from 1993 to '94.

LIES, TIGHT SPOTS (and other near death experiences)

Clinton has managed more Houdini-like exploits (and catch-me-if-you-can, truth-defying declarations) than the slickest of pols. A sampling:

Arkansas Arrogance

TIGHT SPOT Presidential ambitions go up in smoke in 1980 after he loses re-election as Governor to an underdog.

ESCAPE HATCH Apologizes for raising taxes; wife softens her image; in '82, he becomes first defeated Governor in the state to regain his seat.

Luv Ya, Little Rock

LIE In 1990, while running for Governor, he is asked, "Will you guarantee to us that, if re-elected, there is absolutely, positively no way that you'll run for any other political office and that you'll serve out your term in full?" Clinton responds, "You bet... That's the job I want. That's the job I'll do for the next four years."

REALITY CHECK In 1991, Clinton announces his candidacy for President.

The Longest Speech

TIGHT SPOT Billed as the man to watch at the 1988 Democratic Convention, he delivers a turgid address that has Johnny Carson turning him into national joke.

ESCAPE HATCH Pals Harry and Linda Bloodworth-Thomason use their clout to get him on Carson's show. Clinton plays the sax and makes fun of himself. More people watch the show than the speech.

The Draft Dodge

LIE Early in the 1992 presidential campaign, he

says that "it was simply a fluke that I wasn't called" to serve in the Vietnam War. "I was just lucky, I guess," he shrugs. Clinton also says he "never received any unusual or favorable treatment" that helped him avoid the draft.

REALITY CHECK Clinton receives an induction notice while at Oxford in 1969 and asks the draft board to postpone it until the end of the term, after which he enrolls in an ROTC program in Arkansas. A well-connected uncle also successfully lobbies the board on Clinton's behalf.

The Flowers Affair

TIGHT SPOT As the primaries began in 1992, the *Star* tabloid prints the accusations of Gennifer Flowers, a sometime Little Rock lounge singer, that for 12 years Clinton's interest in her went beyond music appreciation.

ESCAPE HATCH "I'm not some little woman standing by my man like Tammy Wynette," says Hillary on *60 Minutes*, as Clinton denies the affair but admits causing "pain in my marriage." Clinton cruises to the nomination.

"I Didn't Inhale"

LIE Beginning in 1987, he repeatedly responds to inquiries about past drug use by saying he has "never broken the laws of my state" or "country."

REALITY CHECK Pressed during the 1992 Democratic primaries about whether he had broken any state, national or international laws, Clinton confesses, "I've never broken a state law, but when I was in England I experimented with marijuana a time or two, and I didn't like it. I didn't inhale and never tried it again."



The Newt Scare

TIGHT SPOT Clinton advocates a national health-care system, and the country sends him to intensive care. Result: the 1994 seizure of the House by the G.O.P.—the first time the party has done so in 40 years. Newt Gingrich is dubbed the most powerful man in America.

ESCAPE HATCH Gingrich miscalculates, shutting down the government when budget talks fizzle. The G.O.P. gets blamed for everything from putting people out of work to closing Yosemite. Clinton then steals prized G.O.P. jewels—a balanced budget and welfare reform. He wins re-election handily in 1996.

White Lie No. 1

FIB In 1996 Clinton says he has "vivid and painful" childhood memories of black-church burnings in Arkansas.

REALITY CHECK The director of the Arkansas History Commission says, "I've never known of a black church being burned in Arkansas."

White Lie No. 2

FIB Asked in 1993 about his taste for fast food, the President replies, "I don't eat much junk food."

REALITY CHECK Quickly amends remark to say, "I don't necessarily consider McDonald's junk food. I eat at McDonald's and Burger King and these other fast-food places. A lot of them have very nutritious food... chicken sandwiches... salads..."

White Lie No. 3

FIB Claims he shot a 79 on a Martha's Vineyard golf course.

REALITY CHECK He rarely shoots below 90. Reporters saw him hit three tee shots on one hole into the trees.

—By Tamala M. Edwards and Romesh Ratnesar

Garry Wills

Leading by Leaving

Sure, he can survive. But can he lead? Sometimes one can lead merely by surviving. Clinton did that after the 1994 Republican revolution seemed to make him irrelevant. He shrewdly maneuvered, played for time, let his enemies' overconfidence do them in. By living to fight another day, he retained the opportunity to advance goals important to him and to the nation. Some of his supporters felt betrayed by the temporizing measures he adopted in order to survive, especially his "devolution" of welfare to the states. That was shortsighted of them; sacrificing one measure to save the whole program is the kind of strategic choice a leader must make when in straits. The greatest comeback of the comeback kid was that recovery of his position after 1994, which made his 1996 victory—the first Democrat since Roosevelt to have won re-election—as much a "miracle" as Truman's 1948 victory.

So it is not surprising for him to think he can survive again. But the situation is different now. In 1995 his temporizing protected his dearest goals. The President had a remarkable opportunity, which he used remarkably, to bring the social concerns of a whole new generation into the White House. On issue after issue, he has done just that—women's rights, gay rights, minority rights. With his emollient personal skills, he was able to speak to and for the baby boomers, overcoming the resistance and resentment felt for the whole world of the '60s. Was he too much the child of his times, too relativistic, hedonistic, élitist? Was his wife more a superlawyer and schemer than the domestic icon expected in her role? With a reassuring sense of symbolism, Clinton overcame most of these suspicions. By now the symbols have abruptly swung in ways that confirm all that was felt about him and worse. It was always silly to say Clinton had stained the Lincoln bedroom by letting supporters into it. But what has he done to that other potent symbol in the White House, with the person he let into the Oval Office?

I know, and have said, that "other Presidents have done it" (actually, fewer than many people suppose). But as one of his closest campaign advisers told me, "He knew the rules had changed." He of all people knew. At the very time when he was stringing his Oval Office groupie along, he was under investigation for alleged sexual encounters. The claim that "mere sex doesn't matter" backfires on itself: if it did not matter, then he would have admitted to such an irrelevant thing from the outset instead of throwing a blanket of denial and distraction over the nation for more than half a year. His message as a result of this was less that "sex doesn't matter" than "truth doesn't matter." Perjury may not matter, or be provable, but the larger betrayal was of a generation that prized itself on candor, on an openness about sex and authenticity.

The rest of his presidency is bound to be a labor to repair the relationship with his followers. What time or energy will that leave for reaching the goals that followers are recruited for? Four months ago, I interviewed him about his goals. He said that many problems facing the world today cross national boundaries—envi-

ronmental, health, drug, crime problems. "These factors argue for a vigorous, engaged America at this moment, which will not last forever, when we are the dominant power in the world," he said. "We should use this opportunity to put America at the center of all the emerging trade networks of the world, both for our national security, our global position and our economic health."

I left the Oval Office with my liking and admiration for him fortified. So I was shocked when my son returned from a 22-month bike trip around the world and told me that the ordinary people he met all over the globe reacted to his saying he was an American with snide jokes or questions about his President's sex life. It will be very hard for the President to ask the American people to look beyond mere material comfort to harder challenges when he used the resources of his office, that same Oval Office where I was impressed by him, not only for his own instant gratification but for long and painful coverage attempts that put his family and friends and allies through demeaning ordeals.

Obviously, his instincts and principles tell Clinton not to quit, not to let the fanatical Ken Starr win. But principled resignation could be the one act of leadership that could save his own projects. Instead of draining energy from his party, his Vice President, his economic priorities, his country, he would reinvigorate them all. In this situation, further defenses further diminish him. With resignation, he would grow. He would be saying that the goals he fought for are more important than personal pride or prerogatives. He would change grudging approval and nagging doubts into open admiration. He would win back followers by doing what the leader must do, by directing their attention and energies to the goal they were seeking together, instead of tangling their energies in his personal difficulties. The wife who has stood by him so gallantly would lend his resignation stature by expressing the pride in it that it would deserve.

I have been thinking about Edmund Randolph, President Washington's Secretary of State, who was falsely accused of taking money from a foreign country. Rather than defend himself in office, distracting the nation from the delicate negotiations over the Jay Treaty, he resigned at once and conducted his defense as a private citizen. Clinton has a similar opportunity, though, as he said of this important time in America's history as a superpower, the moment can be squandered. The longer he resorts to half measures, the harder it will be to make a clean (and cleansing) break. It will be harder then to make it clear that he has larger purposes in life than mere self-defense.

President Clinton is a young man. He has a full life ahead of him. He can launch that new life better as a man who resigned out of principle rather than one who dodged, evaded and maneuvered through the long, dispiriting months between now and 2000. Merely surviving is not leading. Leaving would be. ■

Garry Wills, who teaches history at Northwestern University, is the author of Lincoln at Gettysburg

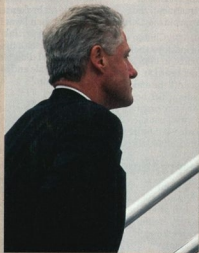
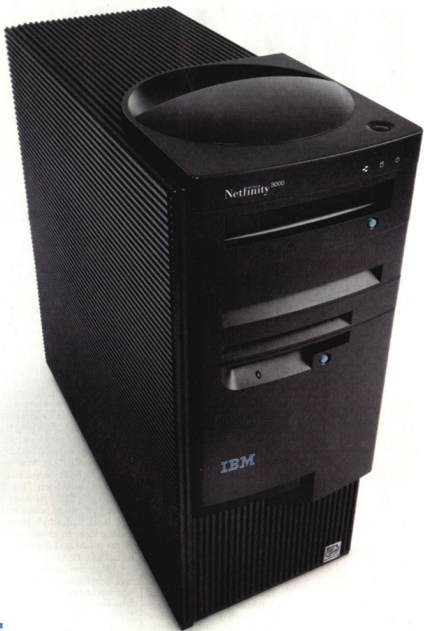


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IS THIS WHAT WE EXPECT?

After Clinton, Americans may be ready for a different kind of President—a straight shooter. Can Gore fit the profile?

By ERIC POOLEY

NO MATTER HOW UGLY THINGS GET for Bill Clinton, it seems, he can always count on Al Gore. "I am proud of him," Gore said from Hawaii on Monday, even as other Democratic politicians were diving for cover or parading their carefully worded disappointment in the President. Gore is feeling good about Clinton "not only because he is a friend but because he is a person who has had the courage to acknowledge mistakes. I am honored to work with this great President."

Scout's honor. The Vice President is nothing if not loyal (not to mention helpful, friendly, courteous, kind and obedient), but loyalty gets you only so far. At some point every Vice President with an eye on the top job must find a way to excise his boss without looking like a Brutus. For Gore, the trick will be to put some breathing room between himself and Clinton's character issues and to do it soon—but not so soon that he appears disloyal. "The question is when and how Gore can resurface," says Hank Sheinkopf, a New York City-based political consultant who worked on the Clinton-Gore media campaign in 1996. "He's done a brilliant job of staying out of view during the scandal, but at some point he's got to find the right time to jump up and remind people that he's not Clinton."

Not Clinton: it's a tough role for a man who has been running a three-legged race

with the President for most of this decade. But it may be the key to Gore's success in 2000, because Americans are likely to want a very different kind of President next time around—not simply one who has control over his personal life (Gore's got no apparent troubles there) but one who levels with the people in all matters, who says it straight and doesn't dissemble. "The reaction now will be to look for just the opposite [of Clinton]," says G.O.P. media consultant Alex Castellanos, "someone who can look you in the eye and tell you hard truths about big things and serious things." Even Democrats like Sheinkopf agree. "This scandal will redefine our politics," he says, "and take it back to basics. The candidate who succeeds will be plainspoken, honorable, not a lot of fluff. People want a President with fewer complications."

After six years in Clinton's White House, Gore has acquired complications galore. TIME has confirmed that Attorney General Janet Reno is reconsidering whether to seek the appointment of an independent counsel to investigate the Clinton-Gore fund-raising operation in 1996, including whether Gore made illegal telephone solicitations from the White House. Last December, Reno shut down a probe of about 45 Gore fund-raising calls on grounds that he had sought only so-called soft money—party-building funds—for the Democratic National Committee. After the cash came in, DNC officials funneled some of it into "hard-money" accounts (which paid for candidates' televi-

sion advertising and the like), pushing many donors over their legal limits for hard-money contributions. Reno said she made her decision because there was no evidence Gore knew of the diversion. But last March, a Senate governmental-affairs committee report asserted that Gore "continued to make telephone solicitations even after being advised [of the diversion] by a DNC memorandum in February 1996." Justice Department sources confirm that Gore's possible knowledge of the transactions is one of the issues before Reno now. The Attorney General, who faces a contempt-of-Congress citation for what the House G.O.P. sees as her recalcitrance in the matter, is expected to reach a decision by the end of this month.

Even without a special prosecutor, Republican strategists believe they have plenty of ammunition to use against Gore. One television spot in 2000 might begin with a clip of Clinton from this week, insisting that his denial of an affair with Monica Lewinsky had been "legally accurate," then cut to Gore squirming like an eel in March 1997, saying there was "no controlling legal authority" barring him from making those fund-raising calls. The kicker: DO YOU REALLY WANT FOUR MORE YEARS OF DOUBLE TALK?

"Someone's going to make that spot," says Republican consultant Stuart Stevens, who worked on the Dole campaign in 1996. "Obviously there's a qualitative difference between what Gore did and what Clinton did, but there's also a unifying thread: anyone from third grade on knows they weren't being honest, and people are sick of

**CANDIDATE
2000:
"PLAIN-
SPOKEN,
HONORABLE,
NOT A LOT OF
FLUFF"**



politicians who parse the truth." What's more, says Stevens, if Gore doesn't find a way to express his discomfort over Clinton's dalliance with an intern,

"his lack of outrage will start to define him. At what point does his loyalty to Clinton end and his own set of values begin?"

That may be wishful Republican thinking, but Gore still faces a conundrum: as long as a plurality of Americans remain willing to forgive Clinton, any Gore move to break ranks would appear cold—and out of character. But if he waits and Clinton's support evaporates, any attempt to distance himself might then seem craven and poll-driven—two labels Gore has already been hit with a time or two. It's enough to make a grown Scout cry.

While Gore tries to navigate these uncharted waters, other presidential hopefuls may find that the post-Lewinsky politic blows fresh wind into their sails—and not just conservatives like Dan Quayle and Senator John Ashcroft, who spent the week calling for Clinton's resignation and trumpeting their own family-values bona fides.

Strategists in both parties say that politicians who have consistently and (gasp!) genuinely spoken from the heart on crucial issues—people like Republicans John Kasich and John McCain or Democrat Bob Kerrey—may take on added luster if only because no one ever has to wonder if they mean what they say.

Less original politicians will no doubt adopt the natural look too. "Candidates are going to appear to be straight-shooting," says Sheinkopf, "but they'll be more scripted than ever. They'll be programmed to seem spontaneous."

If a Gary Cooper-ish gift for plain talk does become the new standard, some impeccable people will find themselves hard-pressed to compete. Former New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley, who has been weighing a long-shot run for the Democratic nomination, generally

says what he means—but he does so in a manner that may be too nuanced for the new model, given his affinity for ponderous, three-part answers.

Other politicians are better positioned for the new era. Texas Governor George W. Bush, a highly touted early horse for the G.O.P. nomination, is field-testing his pitch in a shoo-in re-election campaign this year. In a new television commercial, the Governor tells the camera, "I believe in accountability and responsibility. For too long we've encouraged a culture that says, 'If it feels good, do it, and blame somebody else if you've got a problem.'" Bush strategist Karl Rove says the spot was written before Clinton's television address blaming Ken Starr for his problems. But it is the kind of straight-talkin' ad Americans will probably be watching for years to come. American politicians aren't all going to turn into Jimmy Stewarts. But they'll happily play him on TV.

Some of the apparently genuine, plain-spoken politicians now being hyped for 2000 happen to have complicated pasts, and might fail a litmus test that requires candidates to be free of all past extramarital affairs. Although the public seems to be holding to the idea that politicians deserve a zone of privacy shielded from public view—66% of those questioned in a new TIME/CNN poll said they would vote for a candidate in 2000 even if he or she had been unfaithful—there's no sign the media are ready to give up their preoccupation with sexual conduct. "The press is going to inspect every candidate's private life intensely the next time around," says Herb Weisberg, a professor of political science at Ohio State University. "I would assume that several potential candidates will decide they don't want to put themselves through that." New York University professor Todd Gitlin predicts that the issue will arise long before the primaries, when protocandidates are trying to make themselves look viable. "If the pundits can make merry with comparisons to Clinton," Gitlin says, "this is probably very bad news for a potential candidate."

Can the media find their way back to a more restrained standard for when private conduct matters? For years the working notion has been that while an affair isn't news, a pattern of affairs and evasions may point to a recklessness that is important enough to report. If time passes and a majority of Americans continue to support the notion that Clinton's Oval Office liaisons are "nobody's business," however, it will be a clear invitation for the media to back off. But in the hypercompetitive news business, no one's handing out merit badges for restraint.

—With reporting by Andrea Sachs/
New York and Elaine Shannon/Washington

Garrison Keillor

Can We Get On to Something Serious?

We are living in comfortable times, and the long run of *L'Affaire Monica* is testimony to that, a deluge of chaff. Never before has so much been said by so many about so very little. After months of watching Mr. Starr get in and out of cars, and the famous footage of Mr. Clinton embracing the intern in the crowd, a person starts to value the right not to watch and not to care. What we now know is approximately what we knew at the start. He did it; we're sorry he did; he must be sorer than anyone else that he did it. Time to grow up and move on.

The precise delectable details—in which White House anteroom did the couple convene and what did the Leader of the Free World do with his pants and did they do it on the floor or use a desk or a sofa and was it one of those hard formal sofas not meant to be reclined on and did someone knock on the door during the proceedings and did she smoke a cigarette afterward and were snacks served—these all can be provided by a good novelist. But this is not about government. There is not an impeachable offense here. You can't even see impeachment from here.

The people most harmed by the affair, as Mr. Clinton himself said on Monday night, are his wife and daughter. Dealing with adultery is a miserable way to start a vacation on Martha's Vineyard. And he badly abused his loyal staff members who, as the price of serving him and his vision for America, now have major legal bills to deal with. And I suppose that Monica Lewinsky, in her pain, has promised herself never again to get romantically involved with a sitting President. And I imagine it has dawned on Mr. Starr that he may go down in history as a rather small and obsessive figure who spent \$40 million for a stained dress. And I imagine that by now all of the Monicacs in America wish they were Cheryl or Ambers. And the President's reference to a hot-blooded amour as an inappropriate relationship does a real disservice to the English language. But otherwise, this story is without real import.

It is to the Republicans' great credit that they have managed to keep the word impeachment floating in the air for so long. This is a feat, considering that polls point in the opposite direction. They have accomplished it in a statesmanlike manner by announcing again and again, even when not asked, that when the time comes to consider impeachment, they will do so, and meanwhile they reserve judgment. This is sort of like your brother-in-law saying that although you're probably in perfectly good health, there is an ashiness in your complexion that suggests terminal liver cancer, and God forbid it should

happen, but if it does, he would like to have your lake cabin.

The Republicans must hope that impeachment will float in the air until November so the voters will remember them as the Party of Zipped Pants. Ordinarily, the voters need to sense danger before they get ginned up about politics: you receive a newsletter in the mail from the Committee to Confront the Present Crisis, and it is full of outrages committed by godless Washington pinheads, and your collar heats up, your toupee flies up in the air, your pants fill up with bricks, and you send in a check for \$50 to save the country, but there are not so many outrages these days. The economy is humming along, the stock market continues to levitate, and hardly anybody cares about foreign policy. There is only Monica.

The Clintons, who have said less publicly about the affair

than anyone else, have come through with considerable dignity. Those who looked truly and stupidly dumb were the poor schnooks who had to stand on camera and talk about the fact that they didn't know very much about what was happening. It's hard to imagine a young person inspired toward a career in journalism by that. Standing in the White House drive at 5 a.m. waiting for a glimpse of Mr. Starr's car arriving for a secret grand jury proceeding is not a dignified way to earn a living. The blather that ran all of Monday and into the wee hours on



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY FROM TIME

CNN was the sort of television that when you turn it off, you feel so much better. And then came the New York Times, with the highest horsefeather content of all.

"A momentous day, a day like no other in the republic's long history," wrote R.W. Apple Jr. in his best Lowell Thomas imitation, under the headline AS PRESIDENT TESTIFIES, A SUBDUED CAPITAL WAITS FOR WORD. (How does the *Timesman* who reads the capital's moods distinguish among Subdued, Indifferent, Preoccupied and Vaguely Depressed?) Almost the entire front page was given over to the carnival. "How someone of such surpassing intellect and such protean political talents could indulge in such conduct ... remains the most puzzling question about William Jefferson Clinton," the *Times* pondered. This is not a grownup question. "How could he have done it?" People do such things. It has no relation to intellect or political talent. It has to do with being human, and there is a lot of human nature in everybody, including our Bill. ■

Garrison Keillor is host of *A Prairie Home Companion* and writes pretty good books, including *The Old Man Who Loved Cheese*

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LIES MY PRESIDENT

The fine art of political prevarication is nothing less than ordinary, everyday lying writ large

By RICHARD STENGEL

THREE GREAT PRESIDENTIAL LIES: I am not a crook. I will never lie to you. I did not have sexual relations with that woman.

All first person. All simple declarative sentences. All uttered knowing the statement was false.

That's what a lie is.

In 1960, when the Russians shot down Gary Powers' U2 spy plane, it was the Secretary of State, not President Dwight D. Eisenhower, who claimed a weather-research plane had gone off course. "So intense was the desire to not have the President lie," says presidential historian Michael Beschloss, "to not break the bond of trust with the American people, it was left to others. Eisenhower never spoke an untruth." Of course, Ike was never the focus of an investigation by a grand jury, either.

The history of presidential lying is a brief one because the phenomenon came into its own only in the television age. The Kennedy-Nixon debates were the first time a presidential candidate could look ordinary Americans square in the eye and dissemble: "I do not have Addison's disease." When J.F.K. boldly stated that, he knew it was a bald-faced lie.

Once upon a time, Presidents might have fudged the facts to a few Congressmen in smoke-filled rooms, but who was the wiser? If voters heard the words second- or thirdhand, how could they judge them? Now it's impossible to fib in obscurity. Americans can already mouth the words when they see the incessant reruns of that finger-jabbing image: "I did not have sexual relations with that woman." Sissela Bok, the high priestess of the scholars of lying, says the TV camera has made it far more dangerous for a President to prevaricate than it was 50 years ago. Now it's the camera that doesn't lie.

In some ways, lying in general has become a lot easier. The breakdown of communities and the peripatetic habits of the

population, notes Charles Ford, author of *Lies! Lies!! Lies!!!: The Psychology of Deceit*, have made lying harder to uncover. If you live in a condo in San Diego, you can pretend you were captain of your high school football team in Akron, Ohio. But for public figures, it's precisely the opposite: TV and the mass media turn the whole country into one small town.

All politicians, says presidential scholar Kathleen Hall Jamieson, "tell the truth se-

former Washington litigator who is now a Congregational Church minister. "It's not enough for religion to say, 'Just be technically accurate,' for in the depths of the soul, dissembling just doesn't cut it."

In Washington lying is an art form and a growth industry. The number of Congressmen stays the same, while the number of p.r. firms, lobbyists and pundits increases exponentially. What is the modern art of damage control, after all, but putting on a false front? What is spinning but massaging the truth? Inside the Beltway, the scandal is not the lie but the unvarnished truth. George Bush's campaign barb about Reaganism being voodoo economics raised far

more hackles than his claim that Clarence Thomas was the most qualified man in America to be on the Supreme Court.

Watergate was the Waterloo of presidential truth. In 1976, 70% of Americans agreed in a national poll that the country's leaders consistently lied to them. This from a nation brought up on Parson Weems' smarmy fable about young George Washington's perfect truthfulness. Honesty has been a casualty in the eyes of Americans ever since. Today, Bok notes, the public sees a politician's clever dodge as no different from a big fat lie. We're defining deception downward.

In the past few weeks, there have been a thousand sound bites from self-righteous men in button-down shirts advising some variation on "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." This is an impossible standard. No one knows the whole truth. (Omniscience is not a human attribute.) Moreover, humankind cannot bear "nothing but the truth."

Meursault in Camus's *The Stranger* is incapable of lying and is executed for it. Prince Mishkin in Dostoevsky's *The Idiot* is a man of perfect honesty who brings disaster to everyone he meets. And in *Liar, Liar*, Jim Carrey, who has played a few idiots in his time, is even more inufferable as a truth teller than as an inveterate b.s. artist.

The reason we have etiquette books is that not only does the truth not set you free, it gets you in trouble. "Sweetbreads? I hate sweetbreads!" "That's the dumbest haircut I've ever seen." "What a suck-up you are,



TOO SMART TO LIE DWIGHT EISENHOWER did not want to be caught in a whopper during the U2 crisis, so he got someone else to do his fibbing.

lectively." Bill Clinton has been accused of telling the truth slowly. This is not the same thing as lying. It's a sin of omission, not commission. It's like the difference between lying as a legal issue and as a moral one. The definition of perjury is far narrower than what your grandfather would have considered a damned lie. The legal bar of truth is awfully low. Bill Clinton can be "legally accurate" and still be lying through his teeth. "Religion and law are fishing at the opposite ends of a continuum," says Skip Masback, a

TS TOLD ME

you little weenie." One researcher asked his test subjects: If you could have the ability to read the minds of everyone within 50 ft. of you, would you want it? No way, José.

Bella DePaulo of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, who has done several studies on lying in everyday life, notes that no one is totally honest all the time. "The tendency to tell lies," as Jean Piaget wrote in 1932, "is a natural tendency, spontaneous and universal." One of DePaulo's studies, published in the *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology*, showed that people told at least one lie a day, and that more socially adept folks stretched the truth more often than the less sophisticated. There's a reason the devil is always depicted as a smooth-tongued fellow. Facility breeds falsity. In the end, Presidents lie for the same reason everyone else does. It's just that the rest of us can't blame national security or cite Executive privilege when we say, "Yes, honey, I picked up the laundry."

In his briefest of speeches on Monday night, Clinton offered a taxonomy of lying. Parse his remarks, and you will find many of the categories of lies that have been promulgated by scholars and philosophers:

"I can only tell you I was motivated by many factors. First, by a desire to protect myself from embarrassment."

This is the one breathtaking line in his speech, because it is breathtakingly self-aware. Sociologists suggest that almost all lies, certainly the most pernicious ones, are motivated by self-interest. This is what is known as an adaptive lie, a lie to avoid punishment or to achieve gain. Sociologists observe this phenomenon in children as young as two years old.

"I was also very concerned about protecting my family."

This is also an expression of self-interest: by protecting his family he was protecting himself. This is the lie sociologists see when one partner in a marriage hides an adulterous liaison. One study showed that while women committing adultery tend to blame themselves, the men cast the blame elsewhere. Women feel shame when they lie;

men regret. A woman will say, "I lied; therefore I'm no good." A man will say, "I lied, but Ken Starr forced me to."

"The fact that these questions were being asked in a politically inspired lawsuit, which has since been dismissed, was a consideration too."

Hey, it didn't matter. Who was being hurt anyway? For a while, we have heard tales of Bill Clinton's fabled ability to "compartmentalize." This is a euphemism for denial, which is a defense mechanism that disavows thoughts that cause anxiety. Denial is a lie to oneself. We rationalize away the fear. Bill Clinton is a genius at denial. "We fool



DENY, DENY, DENY JOHN F. KENNEDY didn't want anyone else to know he wasn't the picture of vigor, so he lied vigorously about his health

others in order to fool ourselves," writes Robert C. Solomon of the University of Texas in an essay on self-deception, "and we fool ourselves in order to fool others."

"In addition, I had real and serious concerns about an independent counsel investigation ... that itself is under investigation."

This exemplifies the moral principle that if you are asked an immoral question you can answer with a lie. The Philosophy

101 example of this is, if the Nazis came looking for a family of Jews whom you were hiding in your attic, you would be permitted to lie in order to protect them. Most people would say such a lie was an act of virtue. Not 19th century philosopher Immanuel Kant. He was an absolutist who believed the prohibition against lying was a paradigm of a "categorical imperative," an unconditional moral law. Kant was cruel; he would have turned in Anne Frank. With honesty like that, most people would prefer lying. People who say they never lie tend to be supercilious and self-absorbed—and not a whole lot of fun to be around.

Fortunately, all lies are not created equal. St. Augustine enumerated nine categories of lying, several of which would go into the category we call white lies. Such benign falsehoods make the world go round. No. 6, for example, is a lie that harms no one but helps someone else. This is when you tell your friend who is getting chemotherapy for breast cancer that she looks marvelous.

Clinton—and almost all politicians—are congenitally guilty of St. Augustine's lie No. 5: "That lie which is told from a desire to please others in smooth discourse." It is from this desire, not more carnal ones, that he gets the nickname Slick Willie. The presidential candidate who tells audiences one thing in New Hampshire and another in California fits into this category. Politicians have been helped mightily in this regard by the ubiquity and sophistication of pollsters who tell politicians what pleases voters.

But this leads us to an unpleasant conclusion. You can be lied to only if you suspend disbelief. Author Charles Ford asserts that "politicians are mouthpieces for the self-deception of the people. Wittingly or unwittingly, they tell us that which we have asked them to tell us." Ergo, we have all been enablers for Bill Clinton. Poll after poll reveals a populace that doesn't want to know the awful truth. "Lie to me," sings Sheryl Crow, "and I'll promise to be true." Bok says that because we expect to hear hypocrisy from our leaders, we get it.

Ultimately, Bill Clinton stopped telling a full-blown lie not because he wanted to or even because we wanted him to, but because he had to. In *Beyond Good and Evil*, Friedrich Nietzsche, who wasn't a fanatic about the truth, wrote: "I have done that," says my memory. "I cannot have done that," says my pride, and remains inexorable. Eventually, memory yields." In Bill Clinton's case, pride yielded, and the rest is history. ■

Charles Krauthammer

Finally, the Telltale Lie

On Monday night before a rapt national audience, Bill Clinton's first-ever public admission of having lied began with—a new lie. "My answers were legally accurate..." he said of his Paula Jones testimony.

False. Even if you grant that his denial of "sexual relations" with Monica Lewinsky was "legally accurate" under Clinton's baroque interpretation of the word sex, his statement in that same deposition that he did not recall ever being alone with her is flat-out false. Seven months later, he recalled very well the "inappropriate relationship." How do you square that circle? Claim that the improprieties occurred in the presence of others?

The most poignant of all confrontations with truth is confession. Yet in his nationally televised confrontation with truth, Clinton revealed a notion of truth as endlessly self-reflecting as a fun-house mirror. It has the vertiginous feel of Epimenides' paradox, which (in one version) reads, "All Cretans are liars. I am a Cretan. Therefore I am a liar." (But, of course, if I am a liar, I'm lying about being a liar, and thus I'm not.) The lies-feeding-lies circularity is deeply disturbing. You feel you can never climb out of the box.

Clinton does not seem to mind. Scariest still, he does not seem to notice. He seems to really believe that his tortured legalisms, his artful dodges, his facile wordplay, his resort to idiosyncratic definitions that recall nothing so much as the "private language" of some autistic children, constitute an authentic escape from falsehood. It makes you wonder whether what appears to be Clinton's cynicism is instead a cognitive deficit, that he has by now and by habit lost all recognition of the difference between truth and lies.

Truth has a purity. Truth is absolute. Even "your truth," as the relativists would have it, has a rock-hard core: it is what you actually remember having happened.

When, however, words and memory are entirely instrumental, as they are for Clinton, truth is defined not epistemologically but politically. Days before going before the Starr grand jury, the White House was reportedly polling and floating trial balloons in the papers to determine what confession would fly. The truth is not what happened. It is what sells. And because Clinton is so good at selling, he has never needed truth as it is conventionally understood.

When the Lewinsky eruption occurred in January, Clinton had three choices. He could say, "I did it. I'm sorry." He could say, "None of your damn business." Or he could say, "I never had sexual relations with that woman."

His choice was preordained. After all, the lie in all its variations—the half-truth, the legalism, the critical omission, the elastic wordplay—is what he knows. Acrobatics—"I didn't inhale," the Flowers denial, the draft—are what brought him to the dance.

Assume that Ken Starr had not amassed a mountain of conflicting testimony and circumstantial evidence, up to and including the famous dress. Assume that the Lewinsky question, like the Jones and Flowers and Kathleen Willey questions, remained an issue of he-said she-said. Does anyone doubt that Clinton would still today be sticking to his original story?

In the end, the lie that caught him happened to be about sex. What a pity. Because what distinguished this lie was not its substance

but the venue: a court of law. Yes, the underlying story is salacious, titillating and, in an appalling way, amazing. Which is what made it such a public sensation. But even sensations fade away. This one did not. Why?

Because the law takes a moving target—and there has never been a moving target quite like Clinton—and fixes it. This lie was frozen in a deposition. Frozen for examination. Frozen for accounting.

That does not happen very often in a frantic media age where tales of every conceivable variety and shade of veracity course constantly through the national con-

sciousness. Because television is a medium designed for leaving impressions, not memories, the television age is one in which facts and words and truth are maddeningly elusive, in which national memories are extraordinarily shallow. Yet there remains one stubborn barrier to total amnesia. The law: ancient, ponderous, interminable, immovable. But fixedly real.

The fatal lie for Clinton is not the one endlessly repeated on videotape of the finger-wagging "that woman" television denial. After all, we've seen the endlessly repeated videotape of the Flowers denial on *60 Minutes*. Yet Flowers faded, as does everything on television. Lewinsky would have too.

The fatal lie for Clinton was the one heard only by a handful of people in a Washington law office on a Saturday in January, and viewed later on tape by a few jurors in an Arkansas courtroom. It is to be found deep in the transcript of a long deposition in an even longer case, indeed a case that was later dismissed. But once that lie was made, the law forced an accounting.

"Except on really important occasions," writes Graham Greene of one of his spies, "he always preferred the truth. The truth can be double-checked." It has been Clinton's good fortune that politics is not very good at double-checking. The law, however, is. ■



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SPECIAL REPORT

HOW WE REALLY FEEL

A new poll suggests America hates the sin, not the sinner. But only to a point

By **BRUCE HANDY**

AS YET, SOME AMERICANS MAY NOT have figured out what they think of relationships that are "not appropriate," as President Clinton put it the other night. But most people know what "infidelity" means and what they think about that. According to a TIME/CNN poll of Americans' sexual attitudes conducted this summer, 86% of respondents believe that adultery when committed by men is "morally wrong." A statistically indistinguishable 85% of Americans also feel that adultery is morally wrong for women. The significant increase in these numbers since TIME conducted a similar survey in 1977—in the so-called jiggle-show era only 76% of Americans thought infidelity was morally wrong—should calm those who fear the recent White House scandals have weakened the nation's virtue.

But what may seem clear cut in the abstract can become more complicated in real life. For instance, what exactly is infidelity? This is a question that in slightly different form—How does one define "sexual relations"?—continues to dog the President. According to the TIME/CNN poll, 95% of Americans, which is about as unanimous as we ever get, agree that "having sex with a prostitute" counts. On the other end of the survey's scale is "casually flirting with someone else," considered adulterous by a (hard to live with?) minority of 35%. Somewhere in the middle are "hav-

ing a sexually explicit conversation with someone on the phone" (69% define that as cheating), "having a sexually explicit conversation on the Internet" (67%) and "holding hands with someone else" (44%). Perhaps regrettably, the survey's list of offensive conduct did not include "having some sort of as yet undisclosed physical contact with a person admittedly less than half one's age."

Of course, a nation's opinions about adultery may be affected by its familiarity with the practice. America is not yet France, but neither is it Monogamydonia nor Noslezysexistan. According to the 1994 University of Chicago study titled *The Social Organization of Sexuality*, which is generally considered the most accurate report on Americans' sexual practices to date (this is the report that famously announced that Americans are having less sex and with fewer partners than our popular culture would have us believe), as many as a quarter of married men may have been unfaithful. This number dovetails intriguingly with the TIME/CNN poll,

which found that 23% of married men agree with the statement that "infidelity is an unavoidable part of married life today."

Is this statistical confluence a mere coincidence, a reflection of hard-won marital wisdom or an indication of the sorts of rationalizations relied on by husbands who can't deflect blame onto a "politically in-



■ Is infidelity an unavoidable part of married life today?

26%

YES

72%

NO

■ Do you know any married men or women who have committed adultery?

PERCENT WHO KNOW
ADULTEROUS MEN ADULTEROUS WOMEN

69%

60%

■ Did you think less of those men or women because of their adultery?*

THINK LESS OF
ADULTEROUS MEN ADULTEROUS WOMEN

62%

56%

■ Does this constitute cheating in a marriage?

Kissing someone else

Having a sexually explicit conversation on the phone

Having a sexually explicit conversation on the Internet

Holding hands with someone else

Fantasizing about having sex with someone else

Casually flirting with someone else

*asked of those who know men or women who committed adultery

REL ABOUT FIDELITY



function of charity, resignation or some other phenomenon also awaits further analysis.

Whatever the state of their own relationships, most Americans have some personal experience with infidelity. According to the TIME/CNN poll, 69% say they know at least one husband who has strayed; 60% say they know at least one wife who has been unfaithful. Of those respondents, 62% said they "thought less" of the adulterous husbands, while 56% "thought less" of the adulterous wives. These numbers are significantly lower than the previously cited condemnations of adultery in the abstract, suggesting that Americans tend to follow the dictum of hating the sin, not the sinner.

"Knowing someone who commits adultery puts flesh on a morally abstract situation," says John H. Gagnon, a sociologist who was a co-author of the Chicago study. "It's morally wrong, but if I know someone who did it, I know maybe they had a bad marriage; maybe it was an accident. Maybe there's a compelling narrative to explain why they strayed." In other words, familiarity breeds moral relativism. While President Clinton has yet to offer a compelling narrative of his

own, this phenomenon may help explain the consistent findings in polls that while Americans don't like the idea of the President's cheating on his wife, they are not inclined to punish him for doing so. Welcome to the club, as Frank Gifford might say.

When the TIME/CNN responses are broken down by gender, however, there may be more danger signs for Clinton, who has traditionally found his greatest levels of support among women. Men tend to be as forgiving of other men as they are of women: 43% said that adultery hadn't lowered their opinion of the straying husbands they knew; 41% said it hadn't lowered their opinion of straying wives. Women, on the other hand, go easier on their own sex while training a harsher eye on men: 39% said adultery hadn't affected their opinion of unfaithful wives, compared with only 27% who were as understanding of wandering husbands they knew—70% had lowered their opinions of the men in question.

Others have noted a similar gender gap. "If a man cheats," says Gagnon, "women think less of him. If a woman cheats, they think she must have been provoked." Rufus Criscom, the editor in chief of *Nerze*, the online magazine of "literate smut," agrees: "My cocktail party polling has yielded the same results. A lot of women I've talked to definitely feel that women sleeping around is kind of retribution." Be that as it may, a TIME/CNN poll following Clinton's speech showed that women haven't yet deserted him, but there may be trouble in this: when asked, "If you were about to go on vacation with your husband and he had just admitted having sex with a 21-year-old intern, would you still go?" 68% of women said no. ■

spired lawsuit" or an investigation that has "gone on too long"? The matter awaits further study. The numbers for women are less synchronous: while upwards of 15% of wives may have been unfaithful, according to the Chicago study, 22% agreed with the statement in the TIME/CNN poll that infidelity is unavoidable. Whether this is a

spired lawsuit" or an investigation that has "gone on too long"? The matter awaits further study. The numbers for women are less synchronous: while upwards of 15% of wives may have been unfaithful, according to the Chicago study, 22% agreed with the statement in the TIME/CNN poll that infidelity is unavoidable. Whether this is a

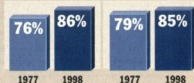
ANSWERED YES

Married men	Married women
59%	75%
64%	74%
62%	72%
40%	49%
39%	43%
32%	38%

■ Which of the following activities do you feel are morally wrong?

Infidelity among married men

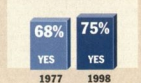
Infidelity among married women



■ Do you agree that permissiveness has led to a lot of the things that are wrong with the country these days?



■ Is it a lot better to have more openness about things like sex, homosexuality, premarital and extramarital relations than to keep it all private and hidden?



Walter Kirn

Justice Should Come Before Closure

The struggle between the President and Kenneth Starr, framed until now as a legal-political showdown, seemed to boil down this week to a subtler but perhaps more basic dispute: the conflict between the Clintonites' desire for something known as "closure" (a New Age buzz word drawn from the vocabulary of family therapy) and the cry from other quarters for what used to be called justice (a term one associates more with the Old Testament). Indeed, if an alien were to view the tapes of Clinton's recent TV defenders, he, she or it might be inclined to think that "closure" was a kind of magic spell whose mere invocation could bring redemption and peace.

Consider: when David Kendall, the President's lawyer, appeared on the White House lawn on Monday following his client's grand jury appearance, it wasn't justice he called for in the matter, as defense attorneys normally do, but that other, warmer, fuzzier outcome. The subtext of his word choice was unmistakable: strict, old-fashioned justice for the President might prove harsher, colder and more damaging than simply putting the whole matter behind us, in the manner of a bad romance or a quarrel with noisy neighbors. A senior Administration official quoted in the *New York Times* sounded a similar note. "The American people," the official said, "are not pounding on the door for details; they're pounding on the door for closure."

Meaning Americans want what, exactly?

Permission to forget? Move on? "Let go?"

Judging by its current usage, closure appears to be justice something like what NutraSweet is to sugar: a modern substitute with all the taste but none of the troubling calories. A term from psychology, not law, closure refers to a general sense of emotional completion about a matter, not to the formal righting of a moral or ethical imbalance.

When death-penalty supporters call for closure for murder victims' families and champion their right to see the bad guy fry, it's an appeal to feelings, not principles. When a married couple in counseling finally splits, grievances aired, tears shed and hugs hugged, the closure reached, however final, does not guarantee an equitable divorce.

Do closure and justice overlap? Not necessarily. Should the President's approval ratings reach 100% next week, it would certainly represent closure to the Lewinsky case, but it wouldn't also mean justice had been done—particularly if Starr's report to Congress were to contain persuasive evidence of crimes. When Richard Nixon resigned over Watergate, that was closure too, it can

be argued—but his pardon by Gerald Ford was viewed by many, even to this day, as an unsatisfactory moral ending.

For certain tolerant religious types, justice is the Lord's, of course, not man's, and closure may be the best we can get on this earth. And in his Monday evening speech, Clinton seemed to take this view himself. Call off the prosecutors, he said; this is between my family and "our God." The suggestion was that Jehovah would show more mercy than Starr, or Starr's jury, or Congress.

The proponents of justice will have none of it, naturally. Mormon lay minister Orrin Hatch, steeped in a tradition of morality as chill and austere as a Utah mountaintop, is not, on the evidence of his haircut, a closure person. Nor is the show-me Missourian Rush Limbaugh, who has already called for Clinton's resignation, to the

applause of justice-minded listeners. The puritans may have logic on their side here. If a businessman cheats on his taxes, does he have a right to ask for closure before he's coughed up his receipts? If Michael Milken had been granted closure before he paid his fines and did his time, would America have been a happier place?

When the cosmos is at its most orderly, justice and closure come simultaneously. The trials surrounding the Oklahoma City bombing provided both sorts of endings for the nation. It doesn't always happen so neatly, though. Pete Rose got justice, not closure, when he was barred from baseball for gambling on sporting events. But the closure of entering the Hall of


Fame is not yet his (though the day will come). On the other hand, when closure precedes justice, it doesn't always last. Six years ago, Clinton got closure galore in the Gennifer Flowers affair by speaking of pain in his marriage, but then the mess erupted all over again late last year with one question from Paula Jones' attorneys. This suggests a lesson. Closure remains possible once justice has been done. But closure in place of justice can be hollow. If Clinton's closure argument wins the day before Starr's investigation is complete—if present feelings cancel out future facts, however disturbing those facts may prove to be—will it constitute a new level of public sophistication? Or a whole new kind of communal cover-up, a spiritual, not material, deception? Is there a difference between hiding evidence and seeing it but choosing to ignore it?

The wheels of justice turn excruciatingly slowly. But the training wheels of closure just spin and spin. ■



A YOUNG CITIZEN watches the President at a store in Clackamas, Ore.

Walter Kirn is a TIME contributor who lives near Livingston, Mont. He is currently at work on *Thumbsucker*, a new novel



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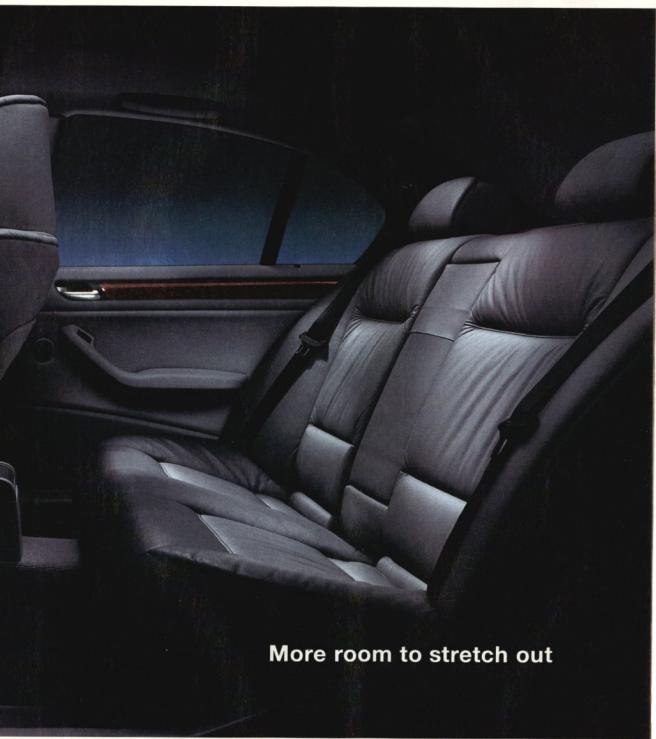
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W O R L D

YELTSIN'S DES

As the economy continues to slide, Russia's enfeebled leader devalues the ruble. The risks: steep inflation and a new era of political unrest

By BRUCE W. NELAN

THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE HAVE BEEN lied to for centuries. Generations of Czars spun visions of a world that eventually proved to be an illusion. The communists, their ideology and the Soviet state turned out to be illegitimate as well. Little wonder that

today's citizens are confused and distrustful, wondering what, if anything, they can believe in. For the most part, they do not trust their government, and the administration of President Boris Yeltsin is not helping. It talks reform but hasn't been able to deliver fully. It bills its economy as a free-market system when it actually is a hybrid between robber-baron capitalism and state control. And now it is snatching away the greatest accomplishments of the painful Yeltsin years: a stable ruble and low inflation. On one sticky afternoon, Yeltsin vows that he will not devalue the ruble and won't even break off his vacation to return to Moscow. Three days later, he does both. Russians view it as a betrayal.

Yeltsin's decisions to let the ruble float down as much as 34% and

—ANDREW HARRIS

PROMISES:
At a plant in Novgorod, Yeltsin vows absolutely no devaluation

The stock market's fall ...

Russian shares have declined more than 70% since the beginning of this year



OPERATE GAMBLE

to put a moratorium on corporate- and bank-debt repayments are desperate measures, steps the U.S. and the International Monetary Fund advised against. If they are followed by real reforms of the tax and banking systems, the program might restore some confidence in the economy and bring investors back. But by itself, the floating ruble will slash the savings of some Russians and increase the cost of living for many, especially those who live in the cities, where more than half the food in the shops is imported. Those are cruel blows to a nation that is already suffering, and could trigger enough political backlash and social unrest to threaten Yeltsin and raise questions about who or what will follow him.

In some ways, Yeltsin is already gone. He still holds office, but his mental and physical staying power is fading. He is out of touch, sometimes simply out of it. On Friday, Aug. 14, he seemed unaware that his chief ministers were preparing the devaluation just as he was assuring the nation it would not happen. He signed off on the move when he got back to town, but when the announcement was finally made, he said nothing. He didn't even seem tempted to fire his Prime Minister—his usual style of crisis leadership—possibly because he would then have to try to get a new one approved by a hostile parliament. "He's clearly getting really close to the wall," says a senior U.S. State Department official. "He's running out of options."

The devaluation had been anticipated, even after the IMF in mid-July put together a \$22.6 billion bailout package. The deal didn't reassure investors, however, who continued to pull their money, in dollars, out of Russia. The central bank's efforts to maintain the ruble's value sapped its hard-currency reserves, now down to \$17 billion. That is a significant figure: it's all that's left to help keep the ruble from falling through the floor of the new trading range: 9.5 to the dollar. Some currency exchanges on Moscow's streets are already asking 10 for a dollar.

Muscovites seemed perplexed. When they got the news, some rushed to buy big-ticket items and food before prices went up. Some stood in lines to buy dollars and deutsche marks even at the higher rate. Some banks closed, some strictly limited withdrawals, and some seemed unfazed and conducted business as usual. "Most people don't know how to react," says an exchange-office teller. "They don't know whether they should sell their dollars or their rubles. I'm confused myself."

This crisis ultimately is not about exchange rates, though. The IMF has been pumping billions into Russia on the proviso that much needed reforms will be rammed through. Moscow asked for even more money a few days before devaluing, but the IMF finally said no. Russia now must figure out how to collect taxes more aggressively from corporations, banks and individuals. The government cannot sur-

vive by taking in less revenue than it expects and trying to balance the budget by slashing spending. If it follows that course, millions of unpaid teachers, soldiers and government employees will never get the months of back salary owed them. In addition, Moscow needs to impose honest privatization on the subsidized industries that, for now, make almost nothing consumers want. It must regulate the banking system into some semblance of honest bookkeeping and provide legal protection for investors and private-property owners. In other words, Russia's economy needs an almost complete overhaul.

Unfortunately, it is not likely to get one at the hands of a parliament dominated by communists and nationalists who despise Yeltsin and his youthful reformist ministers. The government was to try again to pass a long-delayed reform package at week's end in a special session of the Duma. Prime Minister Sergei Kiriyenko has had no more luck than his predecessors in budging the Duma, but now he can plead that this is a genuine crisis.

Whether or not Yeltsin's economic package succeeds, the sharpest backlash may be political. Yeltsin will surely find it more difficult stitching together a coalition of politicians and financiers to back him in a run for a third term two years from now. In fact, if the emergency measures begin to work, the big winner may turn out to be Anatoli Chubais, the former First Deputy



... and the weak ruble ...

Until last week, one ruble was valued at 15¢. Now it is worth only about 10¢.



... are sending many uneasy Russians to the bank

The biggest of the banks will probably survive with help from the government, but many of the nearly 2,000 smaller ones are in deep trouble and likely to collapse

Prime Minister who has been handling Russia's international-debt negotiations. His boosters will cheer him as the man who pulled Russia back from the brink—while Yeltsin fiddled.

If the devaluation and debt moratorium flop, the result is likely to be not only another financial panic, but also a discredited political establishment. Russia's leaders have proclaimed too often that they have found the way to lead the country out of its penury—only to falter. In this case, the currency reserves would run out, and so would the Kremlin's *kredit doveriya*—its fund of public trust.

Then what? There are plenty of dire predictions. Moscow is muttering that Yeltsin might declare a state of emergency, a move that would probably be seen as a retreat from democracy. Some are worried that Yeltsin might form a government of national unity that would take in communists and fascists and bring reform to a halt or put it into reverse.

Russians are long-suffering, but they have been suffering too long to remain passive. If the anguish drags on until the 2000 election, they might not take to the barricades, but they are apt to protest with their votes. Western experts are concerned that Russians could reject what has been peddled to them as democracy and capitalism and toss it all overboard. The leading candidates to succeed Yeltsin already include Moscow Mayor Yuri Luzhkov and retired General Alexander Lebed, the Governor of Krasnoyarsk province. Luzhkov cultivates the air of a strongman and is no fan of reform. Lebed's political views are hard to discern, but he, like Luzhkov, is a firm nationalist. If either were elected President, he would probably arrive in the Kremlin with colleagues even more extreme.

It is an outcome the West wants fervently to avoid. Although they disapproved of the devaluation, the Clinton Administration and the IMF say they will work with Moscow to get through the crisis and pursue broader reforms. When Bill Clinton arrives in Moscow on Sept. 1 for a two-day summit, he intends to tell Yeltsin that. But because democracy has begun to take hold in Russia, the country's wary voters will ultimately decide its course.

—Reported by Paul Quinn-Judge/
Moscow and Douglas Waller/Washington

Is the IMF Killing Off Its Patients?

NO ONE LIKES TO QUESTION LEADERS DURING AN EMERGENCY. WE PREFER to leave the hard work of fixing problems in their hands and stand quietly back, offering patient support as our well-trained experts plunge ahead. But it has been hard in the past few weeks, as Russia has stumbled and Southeast Asia has continued its miserable descent, not to ask a nagging, disloyal question: Just what is the International Monetary Fund doing?

Russia, for instance, received a pledge of nearly \$23 billion from the fund earlier this summer as part of an ambitious bailout program. Economic stability in Russia is an easy sell: wags call it "Indonesia with nukes." So many in the West—including the IMF's critics on Capitol Hill—were delighted to hear IMF chief Michel Camdessus promise last month that the Russian economy had responded to fiscal CPR and was now, thankfully, on the mend.

In fact, the Russian economy was still suffering from some awful infections: corruption, capital flight and a government that was showing the kind of fiscal discipline generally associated with teenagers. Worse, the mechanisms for transferring IMF funding into productive growth—through things like banks and social agencies—have been all but helpless amid widespread policy bickering inside the Kremlin. Still, the IMF okayed the injection and insisted on dramatic changes, particularly to the country's dysfunctional taxation system. Over time, such fixes might indeed help ease Russia's dire liquidity crunch, but their immediate effect has been to shred the last bit of confidence in Russia's short-term economic health.

RUBLE ROULETTE In Moscow, currency traders quickly began peddling dollars at new 9.5 limit



Russia is far from being an anomaly. Since late 1997 the fund has committed approximately \$100 billion to the economies of Thailand, South Korea and Indonesia. But it has still failed to provide Asia with even the basic currency stability that is critical before the region can begin to pull out of its severe economic slump.

You can't blame the IMF for all these problems—Russians are still struggling with the very idea of a market economy, and Southeast Asia is paying the price for years of crony capitalism and reckless lending by local banks. But the IMF may just be making the problems worse. Instead of simply delivering needed money, the fund has also been delivering ultimatums, using the desperate straits of its borrowers as a way to insist on deep economic reforms. There's nothing wrong with the basic impetus—many of these badly sick countries are in need of what economists call a "brain transplant"—but the focus on sudden change instead of relief has left many nations twisting in knots to solve problems quickly that should require years of patient work. It has also led nations—and Russia is Example A—to give an inaccurate picture of their economies. The IMF's celebration of Russia's "recovery" last month was based on Russian data, figures that can be verified only with great difficulty.

The problem with attacking the IMF is that there are few alternatives. The U.S. Treasury could take a lead role in bailing out troubled economies. But it prefers not to foot the enormous bill alone or impose dictates from Washington. Many of the suggestions the IMF makes to borrowers, often in close consultation with the Treasury, are sound. But few of the nations are in any shape to digest, implement and enforce the Wizard of Oz transformations the institution wants. The fund needs to abandon its attempt to enforce deep structural reforms and focus instead on resuscitating these economies, particularly by helping them pay off their crippling short-term debt and managing their sliding currencies. The IMF may be right that these sick economies will eventually need brain transplants. But first they need a pulse.

—By Adam Zagorin/Washington



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MYSTERY IN THE DETAILS

A year after the crash, the investigation into the death of Diana continues, with the dossier thick with unanswered questions, old and new

By **THOMAS SANCTON** and
SCOTT MACLEOD PARIS

THE CRASH IS PART OF POPULAR legend now. The 13th pillar in the Alma tunnel has become a place of morbid pilgrimage: a way station in the re-enactment of Diana's life and death. But a thousand imponderables lie behind the tragic tale of that car accident on Aug. 31, 1997, that also killed her lover Dodi Fayed and driver Henri Paul. French authorities still have no clear answers to many vexing questions. They say they have definitively ruled out the possibility of a conspiracy, and now consider the crash an accident owing mainly to drunk driving, excessive speed and a dangerous stretch of road. Yet many of the key mysteries are far from solved—and some troubling facts have emerged. Among them: the hastily rented black Mercedes S-280 may have had serious mechanical failures; and driver Paul's blood, apart from a high alcohol content, showed an abnormally high—and yet unexplained—level of carbon monoxide. A summary of TIME's findings:

■ **THE MERCEDES** The gendarmes' specialized research unit will hand over its technical report on the Mercedes in late

September, and sources close to the investigation indicate that they have found no major problems. That is surprising, because certain items in the dossier, and the analysis of outside experts, point to some potentially serious malfunctions.

The front air bags, which probably saved bodyguard Trevor Rees-Jones' life, may also have provoked the final crash. According to the report of a trauma expert at La Pitié-Salpêtrière hospital, the nature of Rees-Jones' facial injuries suggests that the air bags may have inflated with explosive force before the Mercedes struck the 13th pillar. That raises the possibility that the initial brush with another car, the mysterious Fiat Uno, may have triggered the deployment of the air bags, stunning and blinding Paul at a critical moment. At the request of Rees-Jones' French attorney, investigating Judge Hervé Stephan ordered a technical report on the air bags last December. The resulting document is inconclusive but does not rule out this hypothesis. Sources close to Rees-Jones say his lawyers may be preparing a damage suit against Mercedes-Benz based on this possible malfunction.

The car may have had other major flaws. The regular chauffeur of the Mercedes, Olivier Lafaye, testified that a persistent warning light on the dashboard indicated a problem with the antilock



HOMAGE: A shrine to Diana and Dodi at Harrods, the store owned by his father

braking system and the brake linings. The manager of the Etoile rental company, Jean-François Musa, told investigators that he had checked with a Mercedes dealer and was told that it was a false alert due to "air bubbles" in the hydraulic-brake circuit. But the claim of air in the brake system, if true, is itself worrisome: automotive experts consulted by TIME say this could reduce the efficiency of the brakes.

Investigators have discovered another anomaly: the brake fluid contained 7.5% water. Since water is not normally present in the system, Judge Stephan has requested an expert report on how it got there and whether it could have caused the brakes to malfunction. Experts consulted by TIME say this amount of water could cause corrosion and rust that might impair or even disable the brakes.

According to chauffeur Lafaye's deposition, Musa also knew that the car was unstable and tended to "skate out at the rear end." Lafaye told the judge that the Mercedes "did not hold the road. You had to know this car to drive it safely, and Henri Paul had never driven it." This claim is backed up by Jean Pietri, a veteran French automotive engineer who has independently analyzed the physical phenomena surrounding the accident. By comparing the mathematical curve of the Mercedes' trajectory with the actual



THE CRASH: GRAY AREAS

THE DETAILS are simple. One year ago, the Mercedes S-280 bearing Princess Diana and Dodi Fayed, with photographers in hot pursuit, hurtled down a Paris tunnel, encountered a slow-moving white Fiat Uno, clipped it on the left and spun out of control, crashing into the 13th pillar. But behind the accident lie many imponderables.

THE MERCEDES The air bags may have contributed to the accident by deploying with explosive force, stunning and blinding the already inebriated driver.

THE OTHER MERCEDES Dodi's father had a green bulletproof Mercedes 500 SEL available for the couple's use. Why wasn't it used instead of the recycled S-280?

THE DRIVER Apart from taking prescription drugs and alcohol, Henri Paul, the driver, had an abnormally high level of carbon monoxide in his blood.

THE BODYGUARD Mohammed al Fayed has had a falling out with the accident's sole survivor, Trevor Rees-Jones.

PAPARAZZI The prosecutor is apparently not convinced that involuntary-homicide charges can be brought against the photographers. The judge, however, is looking into widening the net to investigate other paparazzi on the scene that night.

tire marks left on the road surface, Pietri concludes that the car "tended systematically to veer to the right." That would help explain why Paul was unable to avoid hitting the Fiat Uno in the right lane as he tried to steer around it. The inherent instability of the vehicle, says Pietri, could be due to faulty shock absorbers or, more likely, to a misalignment of the wheels.

There was reason to believe that the Mercedes had mechanical problems before Paul ever took the wheel. The car had been stolen in April 1997, stripped for parts and repaired at a cost of more than \$20,000. Though the Mercedes passed a police inspection on July 7, 1997, Lafaye's testimony indicates that there were still some doubts about its roadworthiness. Thus the question arises: Why was that particular car chosen to take Dodi Fayed and the Princess of Wales on a high-speed drive?

At least a dozen cars and chauffeurs from a different rental company, International Limousine, were available at the Ritz that night. Another car was also available to Dodi: his father Mohammed al Fayed's green bulletproof Mercedes 500 SEL, with sophisticated security features, which was sitting at its usual spot in the underground Vendôme parking garage. "I don't understand why this car was not used that night," a senior Ritz official told TIME. "Especially

since Dodi had taken it on other occasions."

■ **THE DRIVER** Postmortem tests showed that Paul was legally drunk and under the influence of two prescription drugs on the night of the accident. Less known is the fact that Paul's blood contained an abnormally high level of carbon monoxide (CO): 20.7%, enough to provoke somnolence, severe dizziness or even put some people in a coma. "I don't see how he could walk in that state, much less take the wheel," says the head of the antipoison center at a major Paris hospital.

How Paul's CO level got so high remains a mystery. He could not have breathed exhaust fumes in the tunnel, since he died instantly of a severed spinal cord. If exhaust had leaked into the car's interior en route to the tunnel, all passengers would have been affected. But Dodi's autopsy showed no significant trace of CO. One possible source might be a faulty heater. But the heating systems in Paul's apartment and office, unused in August, were found to function normally. Experts say a "massive" exposure to certain industrial products, like the solvent dichloromethane, could produce elevated CO levels, as could heavy cigarette smoking. Paul did not smoke cigarettes and only occasionally puffed on a cigar. Judge Stephan has or-

dered a special investigation into this enigma.

■ **THE CHANGING OF THE GUARDS** On April 20, Trevor Rees-Jones quit his \$37,000-a-year job with Mohammed al Fayed's security force, saying he had to "move forward" with his life. Fellow bodyguard Alexander ("Kes") Wingfield followed suit in June. Since then, the two bodyguards and their lawyers have adopted a more aggressive stance toward the Ritz-Fayed side, giving the impression that Rees-Jones, a civil plaintiff in the investigation, may be preparing a damage suit against al Fayed's hotel.

On June 30, Rees-Jones' lawyer Christian Curtin wrote to Stephan asking him to re-examine the Ritz's responsibility in the accident, specifically requesting new interrogations of senior hotel officials and a manager of Etoile Limousine. The lawyer's move could lead the judge to widen the probe and put Ritz and Etoile officials under formal criminal investigation along with the paparazzi. Though Rees-Jones' amnesia makes it difficult for him to testify, he has a powerful ally in Wingfield. On July 3, at his own initiative, Wingfield met with Stephan and delivered a potentially incriminating account of the role of al Fayed's organization. Though he made no mention of this in his initial testimony of Sept. 2, 1997,

Wingfield now claims that he considered the security arrangements inadequate that night and requested six additional bodyguards from al Fayed's headquarters. Wingfield says the request was ignored, but senior al Fayed security officials deny that he ever raised the issue with them.

The bodyguard further claims that he protested against the single-car, rear-door getaway scheme but that Dodi had told him, "I just spoke to my father on the phone. He approved the plan." Wingfield also told the judge that he had quit because Mohammed al Fayed was pressing him to support his conspiracy theories. Al Fayed has turned angrily against the two men, whom he now blames for losing his son and Diana. "I am not on good terms with them," he told TIME. "I didn't want them to leave, because the investigation is still running and I need them. But they are the people who caused the devastation and the accident through their incompetence and unprofessional practices. They had rules, and they moved away from the rules. They let me down."

Al Fayed lawyers say the two men erred by not insisting on a backup car, by allowing Paul to take an indirect route down a dangerous stretch of road, and in Rees-Jones' case, by putting on his own seat belt without insisting that the others do the same. Should one or both bodyguards decide to take legal action against the Fayed camp, they can expect to face some severe countercharges.

■ **THE FIAT UNO** Investigators have no doubt that a white Fiat Uno collided with the Mercedes near the tunnel entrance and thus played a role in the accident. Despite an intensive 10-month search for the Fiat, however, they have basically given up hope of finding it. The failure to identify the now legendary "second car" makes it impossible for investigators to establish its precise role—or definitively rule out the possibility that its driver was a photographer.

There have been some intriguing leads. One person was arrested Nov. 13 and interrogated for several hours before being released. On the face of it, the man and his car seemed to match an eyewitness description of a damaged white Uno fleeing the tunnel with a large dog in the rear compartment. The suspect, an employee of a private security firm, regularly carried dogs in his car and had had his white Uno repainted red shortly after the accident. But investigators declared him "cleared of suspicion" after determining that the car did not match the

physical evidence found at the accident site.

Did the investigators let their man go too hastily? The gendarmes' technical report, a copy of which has been obtained by TIME, declares that "the initial coat is compatible with the white traces visible on the Mercedes" and that the plastic bumper had a "composition compatible with the transparent, blackish traces visible on the Mercedes." The report said the left rear light did not appear to have been damaged (the mystery Fiat had left taillight fragments on the road), but that the body of the

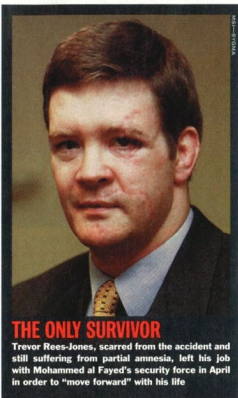
scene, paint an unflattering picture of their antics in the wake of the accident, when they hovered around the car, insulted one another and vied for the best photo angles. Stephan confronted them with eight witnesses on June 5, but many discrepancies remain. Road tests last May proved that all the motorcycles and scooters involved in the chase were powerful enough to keep up with the Mercedes. Lawyers for the photographers argue that Paul's drunkenness and reckless driving caused the accident, and point to the Ritz's responsibility in allowing Paul to take the wheel. Lawyers for the Ritz-Fayed camp claim that the aggressive pursuit by the paparazzi was the main "causal factor" behind the speed and choice of itinerary leading to the notoriously dangerous Alma tunnel.

Sources close to the investigation say prosecutor Maude Coujard is not convinced that there is sufficient evidence to try any of the paparazzi, especially on the involuntary homicide charge. Stephan and fellow Judge Marie-Christine Devidal, however, appear to be considering charges against some of the photographers for involuntary homicide or the lesser charge of reckless endangerment.

Stephan may also widen the investigative net to include other paparazzi. He has requisitioned the mobile-phone records of all the defendants to see if they were in contact with other photographers who may have been on the scene that night. The judge also suspects that some of the paparazzi may know more about the Fiat Uno than they let on, and that its driver could possibly have been a photographer.

Stephan is expected to wind up his investigation this fall, but a trial, if it occurs, is not likely to take place until at least mid-1999. The civil phase, which will almost certainly spill over into the next century, is apt to wind up in an unseemly brawl involving the Ritz, al Fayed, the bodyguards, the paparazzi, Etoile Limousine and, of course, the insurance companies. Meanwhile, al Fayed continues to pursue his own investigation and to defend his son's reputation, keeping his London and Paris apartments eerily intact. "It is like the Egyptian pyramids," he says. "When you die, everything that belongs to you is put around—everything that you love, your things, food. From time to time I go to Dodi's apartment. I sit there. I listen to prayers. I feel he is there." ■

Sancton and MacLeod are authors of *Death of a Princess: The Investigation* (St. Martin's Press).



THE ONLY SURVIVOR

Trevor Rees-Jones, scarred from the accident and still suffering from partial amnesia, left his job with Mohammed al Fayed's security force in April in order to "move forward" with his life

car had been repaired at the precise spot where the Mercedes would have clipped it.

■ **THE PAPARAZZI** Nine photographers and one photo-agency motorcycle driver remain under investigation for involuntary homicide and nonassistance to persons in danger. They have consistently claimed that the Mercedes left them far behind and that they had no role in the accident. Though only one of them tried to call the emergency services, they all claim to have assisted help was on the way.

Eyewitness testimony conflicts sharply on the question of how close they were in pursuit of the Mercedes. But most witnesses, including the first two policemen on the

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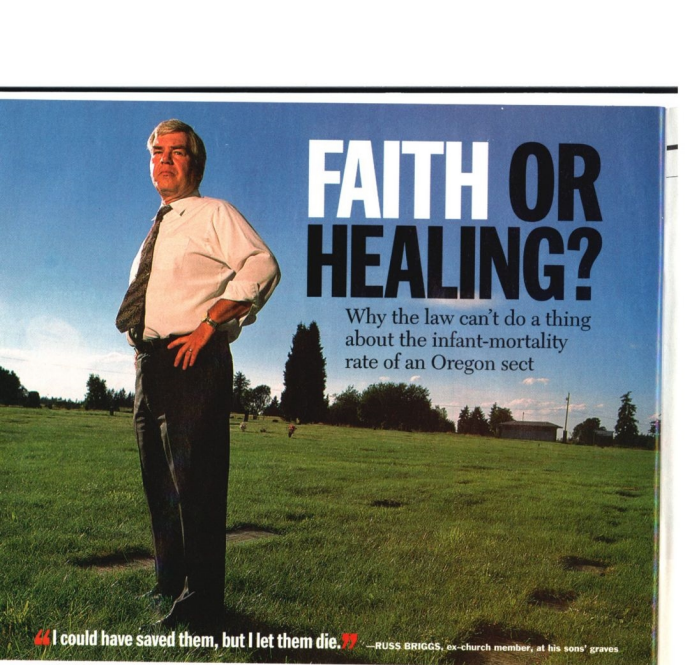
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FAITH OR HEALING?

Why the law can't do a thing about the infant-mortality rate of an Oregon sect

“I could have saved them, but I let them die.” —RUSS BRIGGS, ex-church member, at his sons' graves

By DAVID VAN BIEMA

THE TWO SMALL GRAVES LIE IN THE southeastern section of the old cemetery, near a stand of pine. They are surrounded by the resting places of other infants, many of whom never received first names: here is a placard denoting Baby Girl White, and another for Baby Boy Morris. Only a few life spans are commemorated, and many of these are shockingly short: weeks, days and even hours. Russ Briggs comes here often; he cannot stay away. “Those two, right there, those are my boys,” he says, his voice cracking. “I could have saved them, but I let them die.”

Briggs doesn't know for sure what killed his sons, but he believes that “if there had been an incubator, or modern medicine, I know they would have made it.” So might many of the children surrounding them. Recently the Portland exurb of Ore-

gon City has been shaken by what appears to be an ongoing horror in its midst. In June, Oregon state medical examiner Larry Lewman stated suspicions about the cemetery's owners, the 1,200-member Followers of Christ church. Over 10 years, he alleges, the faith-healing congregation's avoidance of doctors and hospitals may have cost the lives of 25 children, some under excruciating circumstances. A series by the *Oregonian* newspaper announced that of 78 minors buried in the graveyard over 35 years, 21 “probably would have lived with medical intervention, often as simple as antibiotics.” If so, the cemetery may represent one of the largest concentrations of faith-healing-related fatalities in decades.

It also represents a legal conundrum. Terry Gustafson, district attorney for the Oregon City area, says of a recent death, “If you or I had committed the same crime against our own child, we would be looking

at 25 years in the penitentiary.” Yet Gustafson refuses to prosecute, calling it futile. Reason: an Oregon statute that exempts faith-healing parents from manslaughter charges. In protesting that law, Gustafson finds herself in high-powered company: the Academy of American Pediatrics, the American Medical Association and the National District Attorneys Association all oppose similar immunities in six states and lesser exemptions countrywide.

The problematic laws have defenders. The First Church of Christ, Scientist, the largest U.S. religious body favoring spiritual healing over medical attention, has long argued for them. Christian Science spokesman Gary Jones describes as “terrible” the prospect that public rage at the Oregon deaths might “stop the inquiry into more effective means of treatment” by spiritual means. Champions of repeal, of course, feel otherwise. A report in the April issue of the professional journal *Pediatrics* docu-

PHOTO BY GUY W. LAWRENCE FOR TIME

R E L I G I O N

mented 140 child deaths "from religion-motivated medical neglect" between 1975 and 1995, attributed to 23 religious denominations in 34 states. Its co-author, Texas critical-care pediatrician Seth Asser, believes there are hundreds of similar, unreported fatalities. "Kids die from accidental deployment of air bags, and you get hearings in Congress," says Asser. "But this goes on, and dozens die, and people think there's no problem because the deaths happen one at a time. Yet the kids who die suffer horribly. This is Jonestown in slow motion."

THE FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST CHURCH seems to have originated in Kansas in the early 1900s. Its breakaway Oregon City branch was led by Walter White, an authoritarian, apocalypse-preaching pastor known as the Apostle, who died in 1969. After finishing their schooling, church members try to avoid socializing with the outsiders, but several own local businesses. "These are law-abiding people with a good work ethic," says a prosecutor's investigator. "The only way they really differ is in their faith healing."

It is a mortal difference. Like many fellow Pentecostals, the Followers believe the Bible prescribes prayer and the laying on of hands to cure physical ills. Unlike most, however, Followers reportedly refuse medical treatment—for themselves or for their children. Emergency workers recall face-offs with church members who tried to persuade them not to take injured fellow worshippers to the hospital; the *Oregonian* found a state legislator's complaint about Followers children arriving at school with home-set bone breakers. After Lewman took the medical examiner's job in 1986, he encountered far worse and began recording what he calls "painful, torturous deaths that sometimes lasted days, if not weeks."

Finally, after three Followers children died what he considered needless deaths in a seven-month span, Lewman began aiding the *Oregonian* investigation. He says one shocking case was that of Alex Dale Morris, a four-year-old who complained of fever in February 1989. Fellow Followers laid hands on Alex, anointed him with oil and prayed over him for 46 days. On Day 44, a police officer acting on a tip paid a call but left after the boy himself claimed good health. Alex died two days later; his autopsy revealed an infection had filled one entire side of his chest with pus. Basic antibiotics, says Lewman, could have saved him.

The death Gustafson considered prosecuting was of Bo Phillips, 11, last February. Bo suffered a diabetic crisis and was treated with liquids, prayer and anointings.

County sheriff's detective Jeff Green recalls arriving at the Phillips house to find 200 or more church members. Bo's body "was lying in bed, covered with a sheet. His eyes were sunk into his head, and his face was completely yellow. The suffering that boy must have endured ..." Bo's parents, says Green, were devastated, but "I kept asking the father why he let the boy die,



“The boy's body was lying in bed, covered with a sheet. His eyes were sunk into his head, and his face was completely yellow. The suffering that boy must have endured ...”

—JEFF GREEN
Clackamas County detective

and the answer boiled down to what he told me flat out: 'It was my choice.'”

At first glance, the Phillipses seemed prosecutable. Child-neglect laws in nearly every state make parents who fail to obtain medical treatment for their seriously ill children liable. However, a 1974 federal child-care program made funding contingent on the states' exempting faith-healing parents. That requirement no longer exists, but 41 states retain exemptions from local civil-abuse and -neglect laws. In Oregon, Arkansas, Delaware, Iowa, Ohio and West Virginia there are also exemptions from criminal homicide or manslaughter charges. Says Gustafson: "I've spent nights trying to figure out a way to bring the message to this church that you can't kill your kids on the basis of religious beliefs. But their law is clearly on their side." For their part, the Followers have mostly kept silent about the news stories as well as Lewman's and Gustafson's activities. A church-board

member told *TIME*, "I know what the D.A. here is trying to do, but it's our business, and we just don't want to talk about it. Just don't believe everything you read."

The Oregon deaths make even some of the exemptions' predictable champions a bit queasy. Jones, of Christian Science, says he personally believes "taking care of a child is a sacred responsibility. If one form of treatment is not working, parents have an obligation to investigate other alternatives," including doctors or hospitals. He maintains, however, that even Oregon-style exemptions (he prefers "accommodations") are "a door to religious freedom." Steven McFarland, head of the Center for Law and Religious Freedom, a conservative Christian group, demurs. "The First Amendment protects religious belief absolutely, but not religious practice. Child welfare is a classic example," he says. "If irreparable harm to a child is about to occur, the state's duty to protect the child trumps. Those folks in Oregon should know that the cost of their belief can be criminal prosecution if they allow a child to die."

More common than a blanket defense of exemptions is a query: Isn't there a way to discourage faith-healing-related deaths that is less harsh and more proactive than throwing well-meaning, bereaved parents in jail after the tragic fact? In 1994 Minnesota passed a law requiring parents to alert authorities if their medical boycott endangered their children, leaving it to the state to intervene if necessary. The results are inconclusive: a check on the state's biggest county shows that no one has self-reported. And Michael McConnell, a lawyer who has defended faith-healing parents in neglect cases, is worried that exemption-repeal advocates have no patience for more such experiments. Anger, he suggests, has made them "so contemptuous of the parent that they are likely to overlook solutions that would work much better."

Perhaps, but Russ Briggs feels no contempt. Briggs watched first one and then another son die during childbirth unattended by doctors or trained nurses; he left the Followers in 1981, after deciding to seek medical help for a back injury. Briggs supports the Oregon exemption-repeal drive, but despite being shunned by his former community, he bears no discernible rancor. "They're still believing in a faith, so there's no blame for them," he says. "Their children died, and they allowed it to happen because of a belief that they still have. That takes away the blame. It's only when you no longer have that belief that all the sudden it comes to you: How could I ever have done that?"

—Reported by Dan Kray/Oregon City

A SHIMMER OF HINTS

In the luminous, intimate world of Bonnard, all is shifting, dissolving, teasingly half glimpsed

By ROBERT HUGHES

WE ARE LOOKING INTO A SORT OF sea cave, shining with internal color. Its walls are covered with a wobbly grid of large tiles: yellow, viridian, mauve-flecked with rose madder. The floor is all sea-green and turquoise speckles, but it's hard to say exactly what color any patch of the gelatinous mosaic is because each is so modified by contrasting touches within its small boundaries. The biggest shape in this aquarium light rises diagonally across the picture: a bath, like an immense open oyster, in which floats the body of a woman, all legs, shining indistinctly in the water. She seems in a trance—her face can't be read as a face but more as a spongy clump of jeweled paint. She is as indifferent as coral, not posing but tenderly spied on.

Pierre Bonnard is looking at his wife in the bath for the zillionth time. He will finish the picture in 1946, the year before his death at age 80. By then his wife Marthe, who was only two years younger than he, will have been dead for four years. But he is still imagining and painting her with the body of a 30-year-old. No wonder the bath in which she floats, or is embalmed, has reminded writers of a coffin.

The current Bonnard show at the Museum of Modern Art in Manhattan, which includes this painting and some 80 others, is

a compressed version of a larger affair organized last year by art historian Sarah Whitfield at the Tate Gallery in London, and although it suffers somewhat from the absence of some paintings and omits his drawings and early poster designs altogether, the absence is tolerable. What matters is to have Bonnard in view again. He's one of those modernist masters who seem to keep slipping in and out of focus, not unlike some of the objects in his paintings. He doesn't have the commanding presence in modern art history that Picasso or Matisse has, though in some ways he was as great a painter. Each generation has to discover him for itself, and each time he's a surprise.

Bonnard's critics—including Picasso, who dismissed his art as "a potpourri of indecision"—have often made the mistake of treating Bonnard as a mere hedonist, with his beautiful color and apparent lack of conceptual underpinning. In this they have been wrong. There was nothing stupid or foolishly pleasurable about Bonnard's work. But Whitfield is right to see Bonnard as an elegiac artist: "He is not a painter of pleasure. He is a painter of the efferescence of pleasure and the disappearance of pleasure."

Bonnard began his career as a member of a young dissident group called the Nabis, or Prophets, that had formed in 1889 in Paris. They believed in taking art down



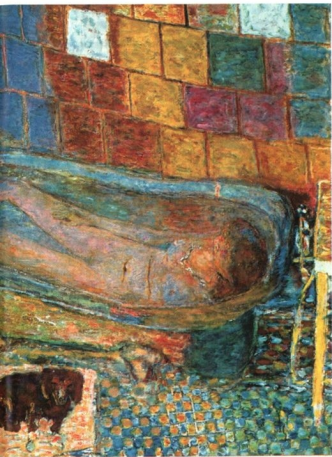
to its essential flat patches of color, strong boundaries, tapestry-like abutments of form and a general emphasis on the decorative. Their prototypes came from Japanese prints and the influence of Paul Gauguin. And they had close ties to Symbolism. Their literary god was the poet Stéphane Mallarmé, who had conceived of poetry as a structure of words and absences: "To conjure up the negated object, with the help of allusive and always indirect words, which constantly efface themselves in a complementary silence." This was very close to the effect of Bonnard's still lifes and interiors, with their incessant qualification of color within color; their exquisite play of large, vague shapes and smaller, intensely worked ones; and their sense of the instability of perception.

Like his artistic ancestor Chardin or his fellow Nabi Edouard Vuillard, Bonnard was an Intimist. He cared nothing for heroic or historical themes. He had no public life, and his diary was filled not with reflections on art, life or politics but with pencil sketches and occasional notes on the weather. Nor did art theory, avidly debated among some of his painter friends, interest him much.

His subject was private life, its cozeness and order, its covert gestures, its moments of deep-rooted habit and occasion-



SELF-PORTRAIT IN THE BATHROOM MIRROR 1943-46



NUDE IN THE BATH AND SMALL DOG
1941-46

ally fragile intimacy, in which the artist is both agent and voyeur. He took this domestic introversion to an extreme—the world of work, for instance, is so thoroughly excluded from his paintings that he didn't even depict his own studio. His world was bounded by the bathroom, the breakfast room, the bedroom and the overgrown garden, its disorder of jasmine, honeysuckle and wisteria as exotically suffused with color as Fiji, though glimpsed through French windows.

There is nothing slack about the apparent softness of his interiors and still lifes, like the great *Dining Room Overlooking the Garden*, 1930-31. The light shifts and shimmers, and some of the objects on the table are drowned in it. Here is a jug, there a cup, there a brioche—but what is that oval yellowish object on the right of the tabletop? Forms sink against the light, and at first you hardly even see the ailing Marthe in her housecoat at the left edge of the painting, timidly holding her cup. Yet, as so often happens with Bonnard, under the ambiguous surface lies a rigorous structure. He jotted in his diary a reminder to seek "big forms, even in small formats." His still lifes, in particular, are

marvels of marking and disposition, suffused with a beaming warmth that was the signature of Bonnard's memory at work.

He said he liked having all his subjects to hand. Among these, in the 1890s, were members of his family: his father (a civil servant in the Ministry of War), his maternal grandmother, his sister and her husband, their children. The main presence in his work, however, was the woman he lived with for almost 30 years before they wed in 1925, Maria Boursin, who called herself Marthe de Mélyny. She appears in some 380 of his paintings, naked or clothed. His pictures don't narrate their relationship, but they do plot it as a series of presences and apparitions and hints.

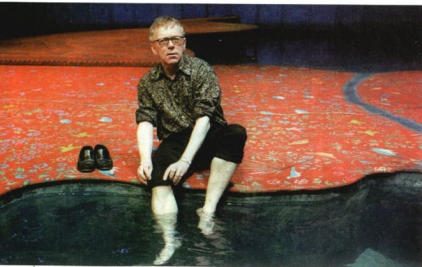
At first she is very naked indeed. Even today, a century later, his image of *Indolence*, 1898, carries a terrific sexual charge—young Marthe sprawled on her side of the big bed, a coarse grin of satisfaction on her round face, her left foot scratching the inside of her right thigh like a cat. Sometimes she poses like an orthodox model—*The Bathroom*, 1908, where she seems transfigured by the wormy quivering of light and transparency that prevails in the room, is such an image. Sometimes Bonnard unobtrusively reuses the pose of a classical sculpture in rendering her body: the Medici Venus in



DINING ROOM OVERLOOKING THE GARDEN
1930-31

Large Yellow Nude, 1931, or the Louvre's Hermaphrodite in *Siesta*, 1900. Quite often you have to look for her; she is on the margin of the painting or sunk in the background, as though half glimpsed, less immediately present to the eye than the blaze of light on a tablecloth. Intimacy, to Bonnard, also meant distance.

The rumpled emptiness of the rest of the bed in *Indolence* declares that "Bonnard was here," but in the future Bonnard's presence in his own work would be elusive. You can see his hands sticking into the foreground of *Large Yellow Nude*, holding something unidentifiable—perhaps a crumpled sheet of paper. He appears reflected in mirrors across the room a few times. There are some anxious-looking self-portraits, the artist seeing himself in the bathroom in the morning, scrawny and sad; they are as piercing as the best of Giacometti. The most mysterious of them is *Self-Portrait in the Bathroom Mirror*, finished in 1946, the year before his death: a mild, bald creature of completely indeterminate age, who might be a shorn 30-year-old human or a space alien. What he is thinking, one cannot even begin to guess. ■



BOB CROWLEY: GUY LAWRENCE/STYLING

T H E A T E R

SINGULAR SENSATION Crowley enchants with unique images like this Ilyrian pool

and upstate jails. He is now at work on four projects, including Hytner's film of the show *Chicago* (with Madonna and Goldie Hawn); a London revival of Stephen Sondheim's *Into the Woods*, directed by Crowley's younger brother John; and a Disney stage musical loosely based on *The Invisible Man*. There's a Bob boom on: he is the guy everyone has to have.

Hytner, the first of this generation of Brit boy-wonder directors, says he wouldn't have done *Carousel* or *Twelfth Night* without Crowley. "Bob's aesthetic is mine as well: that a theater world should be poetic, a world of the imagination; that it should be hospitable to actors; that it should be bold in the use of colors." That would account for the glorious pools, and the pathways that slide together at the end to bring the lovers together. As Hytner says, "We are also both totally shameless about feeling that now and then you have to give the audience a visual lift, a visual thrill."

Crowley the thrillmaker is modest in describing his calling: "I don't think I have a process," he says. "It's thinking on your feet differently for each show, moving forward rather than looking backwards. What I try not to do is repeat myself, because I get bored very quickly."

For *Twelfth Night*, Crowley and Hytner visited the Asian galleries at museums in New York City and London; they studied Japanese watercolors. Since the production was to run for only

Humming the Sets

Top designer Bob Crowley makes sweet music with his evocation of a *Twelfth Night* neverland

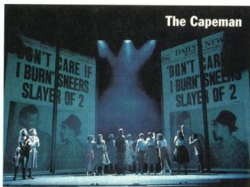
By RICHARD CORLISS

ALADDIN COULDN'T HAVE FOUND A more magical carpet than the one painted on the stage of the Vivian Beaumont Theater in Manhattan's Lincoln Center. Rich, rosy and speckled with peacocks, it stretches back for what seems like miles—into the past, into the fantastic topography of Shakespeare's Ilyria, into a delicious dreamworld. A last perfect touch: the carpet is flanked by two small pools, suitable for bathing and wallowing, where villains can be dunked and lovers share a kiss. The set is the playgoer's first cue to enchantment; before a word is spoken in this rapturous revival of *Twelfth Night*, designer Bob Crowley has alerted you to expect wonders. He has already provided one of his own.

Helen Hunt, garlanded with Oscars and Emmys, plays Viola in Nicholas Hytner's production; but the show's real star is Crowley. He has joined the short list of masters in a fertile era for stage designers. Such wizards of pencil and paint as Tony Walton (*Gypsy* and *Dolls*), Robin Wagner (*Crazy for You*), John Napier (*Cats*) and Heidi Ettinger (*The Secret Garden*) create unique worlds from a playwright's words and a director's hopes. When you leave a show "humming the sets," these are the folks to thank for those sumptuous visual melodies.

Just now Crowley, 45, is the Gershwin of designers. With his 1987 Broadway

debut, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* (all those elegant, suffocating drapes!), and 1994's Tony-winning *Carousel* (a small town in idyllic greens and blues), the kid from Cork, Ireland, showed the breadth and iridescence of his gifts. This year he had three new Broadway shows: *Twelfth Night*, the Oscar Wilde bio-play *The Judas Kiss* and Paul Simon's *The Capeman*. Amid the rubble of *Capeman*'s reviews, Crowley earned praise for his expressionistic perspectives of uptown tenements



THE CAPEMAN: PHOTOFEST



CAROUSEL: PHOTOFEST

TWO FOR THE SHOW A master of many styles, he devised looming, tabloidy sets for *The Capeman*, top, and dream-fresh images of old New England for *Carousel*

10 warm-weather weeks, they decided to give New York a lovely present: a midsummer, Mideastern night's dream. "We said, 'Let's make a great place to go on a hot evening,'" he recalls, "a space with seductive sights and sounds and smells, where you could suspend your disbelief and go with this fantastical tale. It'd be there for just a couple of months—and then evaporate!"

The flashing, frustrating magic of theater is that it does evaporate on closing night. Fortunately, PBS will air the show's final performance live on Aug. 30. On that *Twelfth Night*, viewers everywhere will be able to take one of Bob Crowley's magic carpet rides.

—Reported by William Tynan/New York



Joshua Quittner

What's in a Name?

You can register your own Internet domain name. And websites can help. Sometimes

WHEN I HEARD THAT COMPAQ RECENTLY PAID ONE fellow an astonishing \$3.3 million to buy the Internet domain name *altavista.com*, I panicked. How

much longer could I wait to register *quittner.com*? True, my family name is not (yet) a primary destination on the Web. But neither was *altavista.com* when Jack Marshall, a San Jose, Calif., electrical engineer registered it in January 1994. Happily for Marshall, Digital Computer Corp. (later bought by Compaq) launched a popular search engine in 1995

called AltaVista. By this year, some 500,000 people a day were typing *altavista.com* into their browsers—and going directly to Marshall's website, which advertised his small software start-up. What they were looking for, of course, was the less obvious address *altavista.digital.com*.

At around the time that Marshall was registering *altavista.com*, I was snagging the domain name *mcDonalds.com* for a *Wired Magazine* story. I suspect that Marshall paid for *altavista* exactly what I paid: nothing. In those good old days, name registration was free. A \$3.3 million profit is a pretty good return on your investment—though some readers might point out that it's in line with the kind of performance that Wall Street expects from Internet businesses.

In any event, since it was so easy and cheap to register domain names, a gold rush ensued, and people gobbled up everything from *soup.com* to *nuts.com*. Domain-name speculators registered trademarked names hoping for a quick profit—precisely the point I tried to illustrate with *mcDonalds.com*. Predictably, the lawyers arrived and created a new field: Internet law. One enterprising company, NetNames International, even specializes in "domain-name recovery" and claims to have a stable of 60 attorneys worldwide standing by to repossess ill-gotten names. Not wanting *quittner.com* to fall into the wrong hands, I decided to procure it myself last week.

So how do you register a domain name? It's actually pretty easy—though a raft of companies is happy to do it for you



Name Grabbing

Registering Internet domain names is easy:

- **Check to see** if the name is available at rs.internic.net
- **Fill out the form** at the same site
- **Or pay a host** service like best.com

for setup fees ranging from \$100 to \$250. Do-it-yourselfers should visit Network Solutions, which administers domain-name registration in the U.S., at rs.internic.net. Click on the words "Register a domain name" and fill out the form. The cost? A mere \$70 for two years.

The only tricky part is you'll need an Internet-connected server to "host" your site. This is where many people, suffering a failure of nerve, will want to pay an Internet service provider to take over. One of the better website hosting deals I found was at best.com, which for a \$30 one-time fee and \$24.95 a month, will register a site for you and administer it. (You get e-mail and Web access through your site too.)

If you want to save money and avoid dealing with a Web hosting service, however, one alternative is to get a friend to host your domain. Try at work. If your business is on the Net, ask your system administrator if you could list its servers as the hosts. Since this costs the hosting site nothing—it's strictly a routing and administrative function that allows people to find your site—it's worth a try. My friend Jeff Pulver, who has a TI line that connects his home to the Internet at 1.5 million bits per second, agreed to host *quittner.com*. And now it's mine. Of course, I'd be happy to sell it to you—consider it a steal at \$1 million. ■

To learn more, go to time.com/personal. You can e-mail Josh at jquitt@well.com. Watch him and Anita Hamilton on CNN's Digital Jam, at 7:30 p.m. E.T. on Wednesdays.

Tireless Tires



THAT CUSHION OF air in your car tire provides a level of safety and comfort—until it blows. Uniroyal's new NailGuard tires, on the market this month, come with an inner lining made from a sticky rubber compound that automatically reseals the tire after nail punctures up to three-sixteenths of an inch wide. Unlike "run-flat" tires, which cost hundreds of dollars extra, NailGuards cost just \$10 more per tire.

Digital Dressing Rooms

THOSE TRIPS BACK AND FORTH to the dressing room with armloads of clothing to try on and mix and match put a real drag on shopping sprees. In September you can avoid the hassle with a \$40 software investment. Fashion Trip from ModaCAD lets teens test different outfits on a virtual mannequin. Shoppers can try out clothes from more than a dozen makers—including Esprit, Levis and Wet Seal. Too bad there's no guarantee the outfits will look as good on you as they do onscreen.



Soccer Moms, Take Note

AN ILL-FITTING SOCCER SHIN GUARD might not make the difference between winning and losing, but it can make a youngster pretty miserable. First Shield shin guards from Parker Athletic in Charlotte, N.C., can stop those complaints before they start. Using the same fiber-glass material used on molded

casts, the guards actually mold to the shape of each child's leg. First applied in a wet, flexible form, they dry into a rock-solid fit. A soft outside layer keeps them from chafing. Score one for comfort. —By

Anita Hamilton





Daniel Kadlec

Follow the Teacher

Now you can invest with the best: pension-fund manager TIAA-CREF has standout stock funds

THE INDIVIDUAL INVESTOR WILL NEVER BE KING ON Wall Street. But you've come a long way in the '90s, baby, and at least now you're living on the palace

grounds. That's why institutional brokerages have been rushing to merge with retail houses, and mutual funds have been multiplying like rabbits. Everyone wants to serve the little guy, who these days may have \$100,000 or more sitting in a 401(k) plan. Titans of finance haven't yet figured out how to sell you a fairly priced IPO, but there are enough of you out there

to make the big boys bow in your direction.

And that's terrific news. In general, it means you get access to timely research, lower commissions, better service and, increasingly, Wall Street's top money managers. A few years ago, Warren Buffett created a lower-priced Berkshire Hathaway stock, dubbed "Baby Berkshires," to satisfy retail demand. Now the venerable pension-fund manager Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association-College Retirement Equities Fund (TIAA-CREF), also known as the Teachers, has gone downmarket.

One year ago, the Teachers launched six open-end mutual funds, and so far they have been standouts. The Growth Equity fund and the Growth and Income fund are both up 21% since inception last September through last week, vs. an 18.5% gain for the Standard & Poor's 500, Morningstar reports. Ordinarily, I wouldn't write about a fund with less than a year's history. But these are irresistible in their simplicity, low expenses and minimums, proven record on the institutional side and now market-beating numbers on the retail side.

The Teachers, with a staggering \$236 billion under management, was founded in 1918 by Andrew Carnegie to provide retirement security for educators. Its funds have never before been available outside education circles. The flagship CREF Stock Account was started in 1952, and since then has returned an average annual 11.7%—under the S&P 500's 12.7%, but a noteworthy return in that it invests in a

Teachers' Rules

- **Long-term view**
Don't fret quarterly rankings; hold good stocks even if down
- **Low expenses**
Fund costs are under 0.5% of assets; rival Vanguard's
- **Low minimums**
Get started for only \$250; \$25 with monthly plan

broader range of stocks that makes it less risky. The open-end funds are run much like the highly successful institutional funds, which are focused on the long term, engage in limited trading to keep costs down and avoid anything exotic. "There won't be any big surprises," says Martin Leibowitz, the firm's chief investment officer and a friend of John Bogle, the penny-pinchning chief at fund company Vanguard.

Taking a cue from Bogle, Leibowitz's funds have some of the lowest expense ratios anywhere: the domestic stock funds' ratios are under 0.5% of assets, in contrast to about 1.4% for the average comparable fund. Another plus is the funds' low minimum investments of \$250 (only \$25 if you set up automatic withdrawal).

The most unusual feature is that each fund has an index component designed to match its benchmark—the S&P 500, Russell 3000 or some other. The index portion can run as high as 80% of the fund. Manager picks make up the rest of the portfolio. The funds hold virtually no cash. This unusual approach ensures that the funds will track the market when fund managers see few bargains, but gives them room to tilt hard toward favorite stocks—and outrun the market—when greater values emerge. Of course, it's a matter of how well they pick stocks. That's why 80 years of success managing pensions is so comforting. ■

See time.com/personal for more on TIAA-CREF. E-mail Dan at kadlec@time.com. See him Tues. at 12:40 p.m. E.T. on CNNfn.

Should Investors Tee Off?

WITH TIGER WOODS MANIA DRIVING every kid to pick up a set of clubs and hit the links, what better time to take a whack at golf stocks. That's the pitch for a new golf fund, due out this fall, that will invest in equipment, apparel makers and course developers. But before you pull a Big Bertha from your wallet, remember that Asia's woes have been a drag on industry stars like Callaway Golf and Family Golf Centers.



Follow the Market Leader

NEED SOME CHEAP ADVICE FROM A market expert? Judging by the just disclosed portfolio of Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan, short-term T bills are the way to go. Though Greenspan's choices reflect his desire to "avoid any conflicts of interest" and "have nothing to do with the market," it's no surprise that the notorious skeptic would invest in



bonds. Caution, though, doesn't come cheap: In 1997 one-year T bills had a 6.2% return, while the S&P 500 rose 33%.

Watch Out for Downsizing

CORPORATE CHIEFTAINS MAY THINK bigger is better, but workers aren't reaping many benefits. Instead, more employees are getting the ax because of the record number of billion-dollar mergers, according to a new report. In the past four months 13% of layoffs were merger related, and cost cutting

hasn't even begun at giant proposed combinations like SBC and Ameritech. So it may be time to dust off that resumé. —By Daniel Eisenberg





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*These findings were based on a sales comparison of loratadine (US dollars) with other leading antihistamines. IMS, International Prescription Audit. (September 1994 to January 1996).

Books.

[AT BARNES & NOBLE]

ICY SPARKS

by Gwyn Hyman Rubio

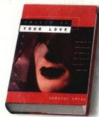
In this heartbreaking and delightful novel, a lesson of tolerance and respect is learned by all who cross the path of a special child. (Viking)



OBJECT OF YOUR LOVE

by Dorothy Speak

New stories that strike a balance between poignancy and humor as they explore the anguished choices women make about their friendships with other women. (St. Martin's Press)



BOMBAY ICE

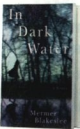
by Leslie Forbes

A hypnotic, thinking person's mystery set in the mysteriously seedy underworld of Bombay's film industry. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)



IN DARK WATER

by Mermer Blakeslee



An unusual look at a family in grief and a young girl's journey toward understanding and eventual redemption through the power of love. (Ballantine Books)

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REBUILDING THE INDIAN

by Fred Haefele

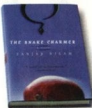


Using a passion for motorcycles as a springboard to more philosophical discourse, *Rebuilding the Indian* is as much about family, hope and defining one's self, as it is about the perfect ride. (Riverhead Books)

THE SNAKE CHARMER

by Sanjay Nigam

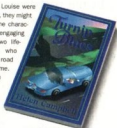
A modern-day fable about the nature of love as told by the greatest snake charmer in all of India. (Morrow)



TURNIP BLUES

by Helen Campbell

If Thelma and Louise were senior citizens, they might very well be the characters in this engaging novel about two life-long friends who embark on the road trip of a lifetime. (Spinkster's Ink)



SMACK

by Melvin Burgess

A disturbingly haunting portrait of two runaway teenagers and their descent into heroin addiction. (Henry Holt)



THE DIGITAL HOOD

by P. J. Rondinone



The characters in this collection of dazzling stories live in an inner-city world where respect is worth dying for and loyalty is all-important. (Picador USA)

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Next, They Pose for *InStyle*

Maybe **PEARL JAM** felt its campaign to become less popular was getting too successful. The grunge band, which maintained a no-interviews, no-videos, no-selling-tickets-the-normal-way frame of mind even before singer Eddie Vedder's appearance on the cover of *TIME* five years ago, seems to have relented. Not only has it released *Single Video Theory*, a home video of the band rehearsing for its current *Yield* album tour, but, horror of promotional horrors, a clip for *Do the Evolution* will soon pop up on MTV. The band released a statement about its new work, saying, "Basically, we've tried to make a good stoner video."



Rock Won't Roll

The scene: a perfectly pleasant press luncheon at the HBO offices. **CHRIS ROCK** is holding forth to a room of journalists about his 13 new TV shows—and sex. He says it's always good material. Having effortlessly charmed the room, he takes the last question from Traci McGregor, an editor at *The Source*, a hip-hop magazine. She tells Rock that his photo in whiteface in *Vanity*



Intern-al Justice

The interns of the world have had enough. They may work for little or no pay, they may do the most menial tasks and they may be content to have their efforts go unrecognized, but they will not be made fun of on national television! Or at least one of them won't. Carrie Photosis, a former intern at the Justice Department, is suing **JAY LENO** over a joke he made using a photo of her standing next to President Clinton. The picture appeared in a recruitment bro-



APRES TELETUBBIES, LE DELUGE

The Brits, who have had mixed success selling TV to the U.S., have a new secret weapon: **MODDY**. A small wooden puppet whose friends have names like **Big Ears** and **BUMPY DOG**, he has proved irresistible to generations of British kids, so the BBC has made a U.S. version. Want to talk production values? The American show adds cute-beyond-belief child actors, big musical numbers and, of course, star power. **CAROL KANE** does a turn as the Tooth Fairy. How much does she pay? "Teeth are very expensive," she says. "I don't think you can leave less than a dollar."



chure for Albion College. Leno remarked that the literature mentioned opportunities for "hands-on experience." Photosis, who claims she suffered "embarrassment, humiliation and indignity," is suing Leno and three others, including the station that aired the show, for \$75,000. Leno's taking President Clinton's first approach: not commenting.

Fair was jarring to many of her black friends and asks him what was behind it. "I'm a clown. I'm a comedian," Rock says. "Do you want me to be Dick Gregory?" Yvette Russell of *Essence* joins in, saying the pictures pained the average black person. Rock is not joking anymore. "It's sad that Jim Carrey can do things I'll never be able to do because of people like you," he says. "Part of me is never going to come out because of people's closed minds." Guess those preshow nerves can get to anyone.

The Secrets of Anne Frank

ANNE FRANK's family, when in hiding, lived in less than ideal conditions, so it's not surprising that Anne's parents' marriage had its ignoble moments. Nor is it surprising that what Frank wrote about such moments did not make the final version of her much loved and much published diary. The discovery of five previously unknown pages of Anne's writings, which are reportedly "very critical" of her parents' relationship, nevertheless sent shock waves through the publishing world. The pages are being held by a former employee of the Anne Frank Foundation, who says **OTTO FRANK**, the only member of the family to survive the death camps, gave them to him for safekeeping. Once retrieved, the pages will be included in the next edition.



Roger Rosenblatt

President Gantry Addresses the Flock

IN LESS THAN A WEEK HE HAS TAKEN THE PUBLIC'S EMOTIONS on a ride from a noble and heartbreaking ceremony for those killed in the African embassy bombings to "I did have a relationship with Miss Lewinsky that was not appropriate. In fact, it was wrong." So it has always gone with Clinton. He is the spiritual leader of the people, driven by compassion and graced with charm and a common touch unknown in the presidency for decades. And he is also the lusty, leering bad ole boy who sweats and groans on the national church floor after services, and who soils other people's clothing.

He is Elmer Gantry in the flesh and in the heart, and his heart is many chambered. The hero of Sinclair Lewis' great novel about oversize human frailty, made into an even better movie that starred Burt Lancaster and his aggressive teeth, was, like Clinton, a born embracer: "He had a voice made for promises." Discovering his calling as a revivalist preacher, Gantry rose to prominence on the words, "Love is the morning and the evening star." That was his sermon, which did double duty as his seduction line for women. Eventually his wandering eye brought him down; his once adoring congregation hurled eggs and spat in his face. The nonapologetic address he gave his public—"Brothers and sisters: Good-bye!"—was short and sweet.

He was a tragic figure because his energy and charm were destined to be played out in an arena where conflicting behavior was condemned as hypocrisy. Clinton's is a tragic figure because he is not condemned by the congregation and so must live with hypocrisy in his soul, and in its purest form, as self-deception.

Yet both characters truly believe that love is the morning and the evening star. They are no less themselves as preachers than as sinners. Gantry rails against demon booze from the pulpit, and downs a quart with the boys in the backroom. Clinton proselytizes for the V chip.

How tenderly, exquisitely, brazenly both men lie! In the movie, Jean Simmons, who plays the Aimee Semple McPherson character, Sister Falconer, confronts Gantry: "Can't you ever tell the truth?" Of course, he can't. Or, to put it more generously, he understands that the truth contains lies and that both are confused in love. "God is love" reads the banner in the revival tent. And love covers everything—sex and salvation. Gantry describes his gift for preaching to a reporter: "Words and ideas come pourin' out like riled-up strangers. I feel so powerful and full of love, I'm about to explode. I do explode. And then I just about love everybody!" The reporter adds: "Especially the girls."

The deep power that both Clinton and Gantry have over people comes not from intelligence or a fancy education, but from

love laced with vulgarity. Accused of being crude by Falconer's business manager, Gantry responds: "You're too good for the people. I am the people." Fade out to what every honest person has been thinking these past seven months, about not reaching for the first stone. The point that Lewis made with Gantry was that the preacher was also a man. Draped in the refuse of his flock's fury, Gantry asks, "What were they so mad about anyhow?" Someone answers, "The mob don't like their gods to be human."

In the case of President Gantry, though, the mob does not seem to mind. A cross section of citizens on NBC after the speech gave their approval of Clinton's performance. "He came clean," said one. "Enough already!" One thing achieved by this easy transaction—as author Suzanne Garment has observed—is that the public slips off the hook. No moral standards need apply. Who then minds?

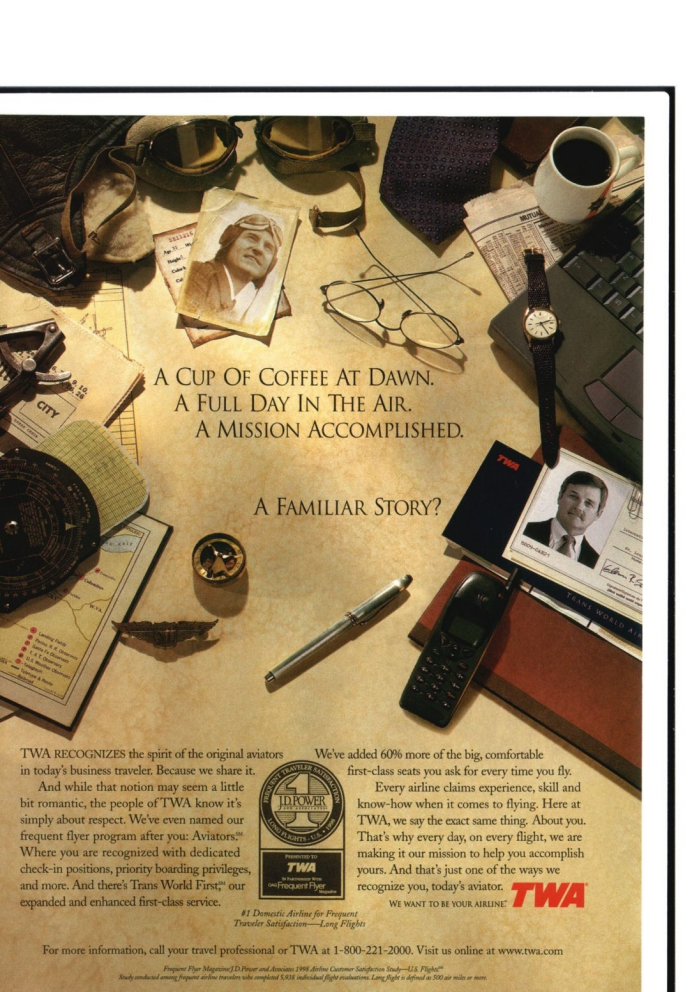
The President lies to the court, the people, his friends, supporters and family; he hangs his wife out to dry; he disgraces his office, and then he offers the explanation that he did not tell the truth originally to save himself from embarrassment. Not even Gantry has such nerve. At the end of the movie, when he says, "I'm sorry for everything," we believe him because he does not mean only that he was sorry he was caught.

Gantry is a sympathetic figure, Clinton less so, and less appealing. But one feels sympathy for Clinton too because the morning and evening stars are out of his reach. People sense the sincerity of his love, but also its promiscuity and selfishness. He just about loves everybody, and that leads from temptation to redemption and back again, forever. Sunday night he prayed with Jesse Jackson, from *Psalms 51*: "Have mercy on me, O God... and cleanse me from my sins." At the end of the novel, Gantry takes note of a new choir girl with pretty ankles, just before he tells the congregation, "We shall yet make these United States a moral nation."

Emerging from Clinton's testimony, his lawyer David Kendall added to the blather about "closure" and "getting this all behind us." It might not be such a good idea to get this all behind us until we understand what is in front of us. The President is Elmer Gantry, but we have always known that. Now the country-congregation has to decide something about itself. The question of impeachment aside, do we condemn or not condemn? Is it possible to admire an ankle and be pastor to a moral nation too? Clinton's problem may be, as he says, private, but he tosses it back to us.

In a burst of exasperation, Falconer, sounding like much of America these days, says to Gantry: "Tell me a good strong lie that I'll believe. And then kiss me!" Then they go to bed. ■



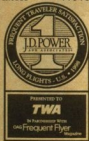


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